BRASSBOUND — FIRST CHOICE OUT OF 7,000 FIRST NOVELS BY MARY D. BICKEL

MAY 12, 1934

Liberty

5¢

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

GIVE US MORE PLANES OR WE PERISH by GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

"—NERVE STRAIN? I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, TOO, MR. FENCER"

RUSSELL J. WOODMAN, who routes 300 trains in and out of New York every day, says:

"Mistakes are 'out' as far as this job is concerned. There just can't be any. I know what nerve strain is—and I need healthy nerves as much as a champion fencer. I agree with you about Camels. Camels are full of *real flavor!* They never taste flat or 'sweetish.' And I *know* they don't upset my nerves."

JOSEPH VINCE, noted fencing champion, says:

"Nothing brings out the true condition of nerves more than fencing. I eat sensibly—get my full amount of sleep—and smoke Camels. Camels give me more enjoyment... *They never get on my nerves.*"

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Watch for such signs of "jangled nerves" as these—ring-twirling, nail-biting, jumping at sudden noises, finger-twiddling—frowning.

Check up on yourself now. Go over your eating habits carefully—your sleeping—your recreation. And for your cigarettes—turn to Camels.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes.

Millions of smokers have found that they can enjoy Camels freely—smoke *more* than formerly—and that this mild, rich-tasting cigarette *never jangles the nerves!*

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES...NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

MAY 12, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 19

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

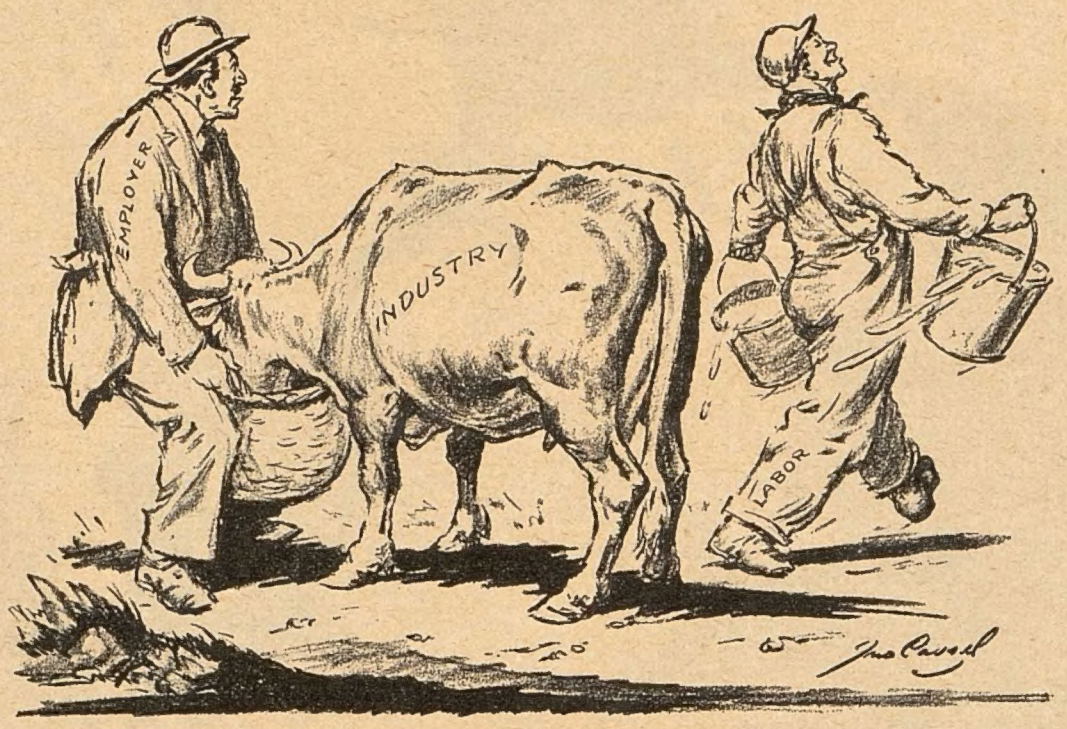
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

THESE ARE DAYS THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

THE government has made a miserable failure of law enforcement, the one outstanding job for which it is definitely responsible.

We are still the most lawless nation on the face of the earth.

The NRA, started as an emergency measure, was a life-saver to business, but from the beginning it was associated with a marked increase in labor troubles throughout the entire country.



Their orators said to workers: "Get your rights." And they should get all they can, and then some. But they should not be obtained through intimidation nor lawlessness.

Reports from various parts of the country maintain that labor leaders have used the NRA illegally to force workers into their unions.

Unionism is good as long as it works with business, with an intelligent appreciation of the difficulties that business is now assuming—when it works with business constructively, with the full realization that wages can be paid only when income is greater than the cost of doing business. Wages can be paid out of capital only for brief periods.

But recently, with the differences between industrial employers and employees pressing ominously for adjustment, and with the whole NRA program hanging in the balance, it became evident that the American Federation of Labor had set out to control industry throughout the entire country.

Its attainment of such ends would mean catastrophe for business generally.

Its aim appeared most glaringly in the case of the great automobile industry. The compromise reached in that case is interpreted as a check to it, a curb on its unwarrantable endeavor. It is devoutly to be hoped that this interpretation is right, and that the curb will prove effectual and permanent.

Most business executives have climbed into their positions through a lifetime of hard work. If their duties are turned over to untrained labor leaders, workers will have real cause to complain.

You cannot milk a dry cow; you cannot squeeze blood out of a stone; and business must be run intelligently to earn a surplus from which wages must be paid, and untrained officials cannot manage a business intelligently.

To take business out of the hands of those who have earned their places as executives is contrary to American ideals. All our present difficulties, all the injustice that workers may have had to endure are due to the failure on the part of government officials to enforce laws, to protect capital and workers alike. And both are entitled to protection.

But the laws have not been enforced. The lawless activities of racketeering capitalists should make Justice hang her head in shame. They have bought government officials; they have told them how to run their offices. But that does not excuse efforts now apparently being made to destroy the stability of huge honestly conducted business enterprises by giving labor undue authority.

The American Federation of Labor represents ten per cent of the workers of the country. When these propose to dictate to all workers, to use every means to compel workers to join their union, they menace the freedom of labor and capital alike.

Their activities should be confined to their own sphere. No attempt on their part to exploit these troublous times of readjustment and to make themselves masters of the entire industrial situation should be countenanced for an instant.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 61

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

YOU READ IT IN LIBERTY...
NOW SEE IT ON THE SCREEN!

When you see "Sadie McKee" you will see the greatest of all Joan Crawford roles. It would seem that the author of the great Liberty serial had the "Dancing Daughter-Dancing Lady" star in mind when she wrote it. Hence Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer felt that an advertisement to the readers of Liberty was a natural foreword to the screening of this unusual photoplay.

JOAN CRAWFORD

in CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION OF

"Sadie McKee"

with FRANCHOT TONE · GENE RAYMOND
ESTHER RALSTON · EDWARD ARNOLD

Based on VINA DELMAR'S *Story*

WATCH FOR

"VIVA VILLA!"
starring Wallace Beery

"TARZAN AND HIS MATE"
with the One and Only
Johnny Weissmuller

CLARK GABLE
in "Men in White."

CLARK GABLE
WILLIAM POWELL
MYRNA LOY
in "Manhattan Melodrama"

"HOLLYWOOD PARTY"
Cast of 2000! Stars! Music! Girls!

MARION DAVIES
GARY COOPER
in "Operator 13"

WALLACE BEERY
JACKIE COOPER
in "Treasure Island"

A METRO·GOLDWYN·MAYER PICTURE

BEGINNING

"Carroll was found lying on the floor of his bedroom."

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR McGRAW

Brassbound

READING TIME ● 36 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The First Choice out of 7,000 First Novels Submitted in Response to Liberty's 1933 Offer to Unknown Writers

I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron.—ISAIAH 45:2.

"YOU are the defendant in this case?"

"I am."

"Your name is—"

The fat woman in the fifth row sniffed audibly: "As if her name ain't been on the front page of every paper in the East for days now!"

Linda looked at the prosecutor with the faintest suggestion of contempt.

"Ethelinda Stuart."

"You are aware that you are being charged with the crime of murder in the first degree?"

"Yes."

"You are aware that the deceased Clayton Carroll was found lying on the floor of his bedroom with a bullet in his left lung, clad in pyjamas and dressing gown, on the morning of September 28, just a month ago today?"

Linda stared at him, her eyes dark with pain and with some other, more obscure emotion. "I am."

A sigh swept the courtroom, over those straining faces, lit with that peculiar eagerness which one sees only when a life is at stake. Tongues ran along lips, wetting them. Here was what they had been waiting for, this crowd. The first few days of the trial had been a little dreary, concerned with the time and manner of the body's discovery, the hour of death, the medical testimony which admitted the possibility of suicide, the circumstantial evidence of the letter, the wet gloves, the path between her house and Clay's, her knowledge that Clay was to be alone that night. All very necessary, no doubt, but in the eyes of the avid public just so much annoying and useless furniture to be moved off the stage in order to clear it for the thrilling entrance of the leading lady.

The leading lady, to be sure, had appeared the day before, but her own counsel had sketched her placid preparations for marrying Clayton Carroll in such a harmony of soft pastels, making the idea of her participation in crime of any sort so incredible and grotesque, that it had served merely to whet the appetites of the struggling crowds for that zero moment when the bloodhound, in the shape of Stanley Wilmott, the prosecuting attorney, obviously straining at his leash all the preceding day, should be freed and leap to the scent.

That moment had now arrived.

It was as if they said to each other: "Here's a girl who grew up in the town. And yet she's too proud, too much the lady. We'll see! Now she'll have to fight for her life like any ordinary woman. Maybe now she'll tell why she was too good for Clayton Carroll!"

Only the hard-boiled reporters, slouching alertly in the front rows, were cynically incredulous of any case the state might make against Linda Stuart which would weigh heavily enough against her frag'le beauty.

They saw her deep-blue eyes scan the jury box—"twelve good men and true"—and come back to rest trustingly on the face of the judge. Not a soul there but knew he had been one of her dead father's best friends; not one who doubted he was following the vision he had served faithfully for forty years—justice.

It could be seen that she was nerving herself.

"You heard the testimony of his manservant, Leon Griggs, that he so found his employer at seven o'clock in the morning, after spending the night in the hospital near the cook, his wife, who was being delivered of a child?"

"Yes."

"And the witnesses who testified he did not leave the hospital?"

"Yes."

An Absorbing Drama of Murder and Mystery, and a Strangely Perilous Love

by MARY BICKEL

" And the testimony which established that the shooting must have occurred sometime between midnight and two o'clock in the morning? "

A gust of wind scattered the prosecutor's notes on the floor, and Linda looked about her. How strange to be sitting here, in her own town, surrounded by every one she knew, but in an alien world, a courtroom!

Yet it was the same room to which, as a child skipping along beside the judge, she had coaxed him to let her come: " Let me visit court, Uncle Dan! " And if the case were fit for a little girl's ears he would smilingly consent, and the bailiff would lift her up to an important place in the front row. What if she should say, right now, in the midst of all the solemnity, " You never let me visit a murder trial before, Uncle Dan! " Would he remember?

Did he think that she was guilty?

She smiled faintly at Amy Winter, her best friend, whose black-gloved hand was pressed against her mouth convulsively. So Aunt Rilla had sat until yesterday, when she had collapsed on the stand; and now she lay in a darkened room at home, with a nurse in attendance.

Beside Amy was Dex Bowman, his face, too, full of anguish. What if she had married Dex, after all? No, no! Things must take their course, work themselves out.

This district attorney—does he want justice done? The reporters would have laughed. " Justice? What he wants is a conviction—a lot of convictions, to put him in line for the job higher up. And here he has a murder almost made to order, a box-office hit!

" A wealthy bachelor found dead in his bedroom at dawn—a sweetheart—another man in the case—perhaps other women. All the elements: love, jealousy, lust, hate. *Cherchez la femme.* Why, certainly! "

Yet it was a case made to their order, too. Wires were busy, circulations soaring.

On the aisle a pale Salvation Army lassie strained far forward as if she were afraid of missing a word. Linda shuddered at her pinched intent face, at the starvation of a life that clutches at a murder trial for romance.

She was acutely conscious that on the bench beyond was Willie Collins, his mouth hanging open in his white blank face, his eyes as always fixed on her—those dim watery eyes in which there seemed to be no past, no future, no memories. No memories?

She turned for comfort to her own attorney, a big dark man of little guile but not without shrewdness: an honest lawyer.

The prosecutor was ready now and she sat up straighter as she heard him clear his throat importantly. . . . If only Scott were here! No, no, don't think of him now!

THE district attorney began, in a voice dripping with honey, " Miss Stuart, you were born and have lived all your life in this town of Maplewood? "

" Yes."

" You had known the deceased for a long time, hadn't you? "

" Yes."

" How old were you when you first met Clayton Carroll? "

" I was sixteen."

" And your age now is—"

Linda's eyes closed a moment, and then looked steadily at her inquisitor. " Thirty-one."

She said it in a flat tired voice, and somehow it sounded terribly old as she pronounced the words.

. . . . .

Her sixteenth birthday, and the aunts were letting her have a party. Old Liza in the kitchen, whipping cream, had shooed her out because of her new dress.

" Go 'long with you, chile. I kin do it. Scat, now! "

It was a lovely dress—the first sleeveless one she had ever had. Well, nearly sleeveless. The aunts had made it themselves.

Her eyes were like stars. In spite of herself she was startled. " Why, I'm pretty! " she thought. People had always said so—but, before, this had been only a source of vague embarrassment. Tonight she knew it with a sharp, sweet stab of pleasure.

Surely her future was nothing to be uneasy about, as Aunt Fanny seemed to think! It was all a golden river, dotted with islands of good times and friends and millions of beaus, and way off near the horizon an adorable husband and four babies; first a boy, so that he could take his little sister to parties, and then a girl, because you could make such darling little dresses; and then a boy and then a girl.

MARY BICKEL

while in college wrote a Junior Play that won a $75 prize. Later, rejection slips from editors were her lot, but she was not discouraged. While writing Brassbound, she says, she "greedily" neglected her housewifery to strive for the "supreme thrill" that she was to achieve. She is a daughter of George A. Dupuy, Judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, and is the wife of John M. Bickel, her classmate at the University of Wisconsin, whose younger brother is Fredric March, the screen star. With their two daughters they make their home in South Orange, New Jersey.

AUNT FANNY, rustling in in her best black taffeta to make sure that the table was perfect, was startled when Linda gave her an impulsive hug and announced:

" Auntie, all my children are going to have curly hair! "

At once the girl bit her tongue.

" Ladies don't speak of such things, Ethelinda." Aunt Fanny pursed her lips just as Linda had known she would. She was a painful, perennial witness of what the world was coming to. With dignity she laid a snowy napkin at each place from the pile on her arm. Then without warning she gave Linda's cheek a little peck.

" You've been a good girl, and I hope you'll continue so. Ever since our dear brother died and your sainted mother before that, sister and I have prayed for the guidance to train you in the ways of a lady and to walk in the paths of righteousness. You are destined, we devoutly trust, for a useful life of service." Her dry voice seemed to promise God every assistance in bringing this to pass. " As for marriage, it is too soon to speak of such things, my dear. And yet "—her voice quavered and she turned away—" it was not God's will that sister and I should ever enter the holy estate of matrimony, but I'm sure I could wish you no greater joy than to win the love of a good man! "

She stared solemnly at her niece as if to say, " There; I have mentioned the unmentionable."

She added, back on the safe ground of precept, " You must make yourself worthy."

Then the burning question recurred: Had they better put the new boy next to Linda as the guest of honor, or at the opposite end, not to look bold? He and his widowed mother, recently come from New York, had bought the big Aldrich place, which was really just next door, although set far back from the road it was separated from the Stuarts' modest home by three acres or more of what once had been a lawn.

" It'll seem queer to have that house lived in again after all these years," the old lady murmured. And again Linda felt an unrest vaguely pleasurable, though she would have to stop, now, thinking of it as her house; even, she supposed, keep out of the old pine grove, though it came right down to the edge of her own garden, and a path ran through it, worn there long ago by two little girls, Linda's mother and Sarah Aldrich, after their parents had come North together from Virginia.

Old Liza was the only relic of that far-off time.

Linda didn't care; she was glad. It would be thrilling to have some one there. Some one new and young.

His mother had appeared at church the previous Sunday, and the aunts, seeing that she was undoubtedly a lady, had decided, after many agitated discussions, that it would be only neighborly to invite the son to the party.

"YOU KNEW CLAYTON CARROLL WAS TO BE ALONE IN HIS HOUSE THAT NIGHT?" HER EYES WERE WIDE. "WHY, YES, I SUPPOSE I DID," SHE SAID SLOWLY.

Aunt Rilla was upstairs "redding up" the bathroom and putting out big linen towels that would not be used. Fanny imagined her up there, tiny, white-haired, and rosy-cheeked, doing everything wrong because she was so excitable. And romantic! Imagine, at her age, reading French novels!

It was a comfort that Linda had no modern notions. She was a good child. Docile, obedient. And beautiful. Linda, if she had a grain of sense, would marry well. That too would be a mercy, thought Fanny.

She bustled out, looking grimmer than ever after doing her Christian duty in giving her niece a compliment on her sixteenth birthday.

But there was nothing grim about Linda, enchantingly young, staring past the lace curtains into the starlit frosty garden and wishing that her father could see her in her party dress.

Her chin trembled as the night that he died came rushing back: the abandonment with which she had locked herself into her room and broken her dolls because they had gazed at her so unfeelingly from the bed.

After hours of sobbing she had decided she could no longer live in this house where her father lay dead. She would run away! In the moonlight the roof of the piazza spread out whitely below her window. She made a bundle of her clothes and crept out on to the sloping roof. At one end was a trellis which in spring was covered with honeysuckle; and using it as a kind of ladder, she managed to climb to the ground.

There she wandered forlornly under the big old elms until she saw Judge Townsend coming. Miserably she tried to hide, but he had already seen her.

"Why, my poor child, what are you doing here?"

Slowly the pain of that died away. She lived with her aunts. She began to grow up. Her passion for dolls had transferred itself to curly-headed babies. And now she was sixteen and wearing her first evening dress.

But her father's death had taken away her hero. She had no one now to idealize and adore, to fill the aching emptiness in her heart.

SHE had only to shut her eyes to see the Aldrich house distinctly. Built in the Southern manner to please a woman who was homesick for Virginia, it had a sprawling luxuriousness incongruous against rocky New England hills, in a town of prim, tight little houses with their neat little fences and garden plots, of which Linda's home was so typical. The new boy had better be careful if he crosses the brook. Maybe he'll drive his car right around to the front door. How exciting! He'll be the first boy I've ever known who had his own automobile.

"Linda! Some one's at the door!" called Aunt Rilla.

Blowing out the candles, she thought, "I like his name—Clayton Carroll."

It was a lovely party. The Carroll boy turned out to be thrilling. He was tall, blond, good-looking, and easy to talk to. All the girls angled for his notice. But by the end of the evening it was apparent to every one that Clayton had marked Linda for his own.

Linda tried hard to appear unconscious, but she couldn't help noticing that he sat beside her at every opportunity and that his laughing eyes were constantly on her. Thrilled but shy, she kept her profile turned to him, determined only to make the party a success. Dex Bowman sulked, as usual, when any one looked at her, and for once she flattered him with her attention.

Clayton Carroll was the last to leave. He had not asked to see any one home, although the girls hung back as if each clung to a receding hope. But at last they paired off and straggled out with many jokes and "Thank you for the lovely time"—Linda saying shyly, "I'm glad you enjoyed it," over and over again. Some one started to tease her about being "Sweet Sixteen and never been kissed," and Linda said stoutly, "Well, I haven't either, so there! Except in games—and that doesn't count."

The Carroll boy lingered with Linda. The smile was gone from the eyes that were now intently studying her face.

"Is it true that you've never been kissed?"

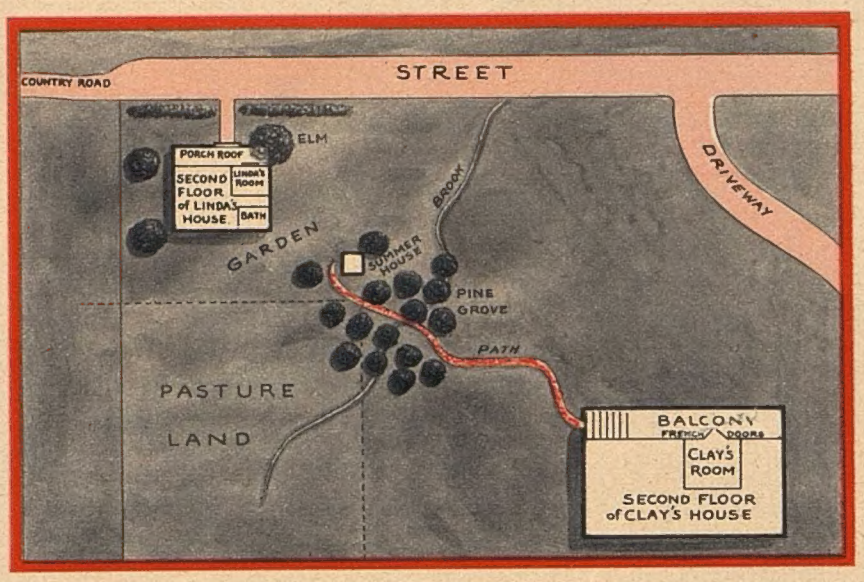
She laughed up at him, candid, untroubled. "Why, of course. I'm only sixteen."

He said quietly, "I'll kiss you sometime. Wait for me, will you?"

Blushing vividly, Linda called on her slender resources of persiflage. "My, you sound as if you'd be doing me a favor!"

He grinned and took her hand. "I think I'm going to like this town, after all. I thought it was awful at first. Only remember—you've got to be my girl!"

. . . .



The Stuart and Carroll properties, with the path that ran through the pine grove from Linda Stuart's garden.

"YOU were engaged to be married, were you not, to the deceased when—his death occurred?"

Linda was breathing quietly. "Yes."

"The engagement, however, had never been announced?"

"No."

"Hm." With a wary eye on Joe Barnard's angry frown, the prosecutor went on: "Do I understand that the announcement did appear, however, in the society columns of the Maplewood Courier the very morning of the death? Is that correct?"

"I believe so."

"Strange!" he murmured. The judge's voice cut in grimly: "Please remember that this is a trial, Mr. Wilmott. The court is not interested in your reactions."

"That announcement was telephoned to the newspaper office by your aunt, Miss Marilla Stuart, the very afternoon before the fatal shooting, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Was that call made with your permission?"

"Yes. I asked her to make it."

"And yet you and the deceased had been engaged to be married for some time?"

"There had been an understanding for some time—yes."

"I see. And how long had you and he had this understanding?"

"Oh, for quite a long time."

"Several years?"

"Yes."

"That's not very exact, Miss Stuart. About how many years would you say?"

When Linda's reply came, after a moment, it was barely audible. "About ten, I think."

"I beg your pardon?"

The judge's voice was very gentle by contrast: "Try, Miss Stuart, to raise your voice a little. One of the attendants will bring a glass of water for you. Now will you repeat your answer, please?"

Linda repeated it.

"Ten years!" the prosecutor barked as if amazed. "That's quite a long time for a girl to keep a man waiting, isn't it? Even a beautiful woman like you—"

Like a charging bull Joe Barnard was on his feet, thundering his objections. The prosecutor took his rebuke sweetly and turned back to the defendant.

"And so," he purred, "you had been engaged for ten years—and yet it had never occurred to you to announce

that engagement until, by a strange coincidence, the very afternoon before Clayton J. Carroll was shot to death in his room! That seems very odd, does it not?"

Again Barnard was on his feet, again the gavel sounded sharply, and again the prosecutor subsided — well satisfied. Although his remarks would be stricken from the records, the jury would remember that "coincidence."

"Perhaps we had better start back a little. At the time of your first acquaintance with Carroll you were attending the Maplewood High School?"

"Yes."

"Did he ever go with other girls, to your knowledge?"

"Oh, yes; during that first year he did."

"But he never felt any serious interest in any one else?"

"Not that I know of."

"And you—how did you feel about him?"

"I liked him very much," she said.

"You liked him. Weren't you in love with him?"

Linda considered this. At last she said gravely, "I think I was too young for that."

. . . . .

HER thoughts hovered about him as she sat beside her aunts in church one sleepy May morning. By turning her head slightly she could see his crisp blond hair, looking so alive that it made her fingers tingle.

What a long sermon! Her eyes traveled restlessly to Willie Collins, a great gawky boy of ten beside his mother. Though his mouth hung open as if he were listening intently, Linda knew that he hardly understood a word. How she always dreaded passing Mrs. Collins's little tumble-down house on her way home from school! Willie would drape his long arms over the fence, grinning, wait for Linda and Clay to approach, and then chant:

"Linda's mad an' I'm glad,
An' I know what'll please her—
A bottle o' wine to make her shine,
An' C. J. C. to squeeze her!"

Linda would march past, painfully pretending she hadn't heard, while Clay laughed at her scarlet face.

A committee had once suggested putting Willie in a home, but Mrs. Collins wouldn't hear of such a thing. As he was too hopelessly stupid for school, however, she kept him at home, tied up with a long clothesline to prevent his running away.

. . . . .

"You say that you were too young? Do you mean that later you did fall in love with him?"

"I suppose I did."

"You suppose—don't you know?"

A pale Salvation Army lassie strained far forward. Beyond was Willie Collins, his mouth open in his white blank face.

Joe Barnard's scowl tried to warn her. But Linda was lost in her own thoughts. She was thinking of Scott Barclay. She said slowly, "No, I'm not sure—now." In his chair, her lawyer's shoulders slumped as if some prop had been withdrawn.

Stanley Wilmott snapped her up in triumph:

"Ah, so you're not sure! You went with him for ten or fifteen years and yet you're *not sure* if you loved him! Had you ever gone with any of the other young men?"

LINDA pulled herself together. "Oh, yes; in the beginning I went with several."

"Any one in particular?"

"Well, I liked Dex Bowman. He was always very nice to me."

"Did your friendship with Bowman continue after you were going with Carroll?"

"Certainly — although I didn't go anywhere with Dex after that."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because Clayton didn't want me to."

"Ah, so Clayton was jealous, was he? Couldn't trust you with other people, eh?"

Joe Barnard burst forth impatiently, "I object to this line of questioning as improper cross-examination!"

The judge, stern and impartial, turned to the prosecutor: "Can you connect the question with the case?"

"Certainly, sir. I am showing that Carroll's jealousy irked Linda Stuart—that she wanted a chance to go with other men. That she was cold to Carroll from the start, instead of glad and willing, as any girl in love would be, to devote herself exclusively to him."

"Very well. You may proceed."

"You say that Carroll objected to your going with other men?"

"Yes. But that didn't matter to me. I only wanted to be with Clay. And anyway the others soon dropped out. You see, by the time he went away to college I was known as Clay's girl."

"And did that please you?"

Linda looked at him steadily, while her eyes grew wide and dark with remembrance.

"I thought it was the most wonderful thing in the world!" she said in a low voice.

Joe Barnard grinned buoyantly at his opponent, who looked a little crestfallen.

. . . . .

Clay got to his feet with a lazy yawn in the early October moonlight. It was his last night at home.

"Let's sing something, folks. Billy, what did you do with that banjo?"

He found it in a corner behind the hammock. They

sang softly, going over all the sentimental ballads that the world was singing.

"Just one more, everybody," Clay said at last. "I want to choose this one, and then we'll all go down to Bates's for a soda. Tomorrow I have to go to college and I know you'll want to celebrate."

Standing on the steps below Linda, facing her, so that their eyes were level, he sang in his deep voice:

"Lindy, Lindy, sweet as the sugar cane,
Lindy, Lindy, say you'll be mine!"

Linda felt herself drowning in those eyes. She forgot to breathe. But she forced herself to look back at him. The spell lasted until he reached the end. Then he laughed shortly—such a sudden bark of a laugh that Linda felt a chill strike at her heart.

"I must be moonstruck!" he said, and laid the banjo on the floor. That was like him. You never knew.

On their way to the drug store Amy linked her arm in Linda's. "He certainly is crazy about you," she whispered. "Aren't you thrilled?"

"It's the moon," Linda murmured. "Didn't you hear him say so?" But her fingers trembled on Amy's arm.

Clay paid for the sodas, though the other boys protested half-heartedly. Dex, however, insisted on paying for his own. He was quite disagreeable about it.

Abby Collier remembered that she had left her bag at the drug store, and the others went back with her. Clay and Linda strolled on alone.

Clay said, "Abby and Charlie Truax are certainly gone on each other, aren't they? They'll probably be married the next time I see them. Well, I hope they are. I don't believe in long engagements, do you?"

Linda was silent, her heart beating, and he went on: "Gee, I'll miss all the good times we've had. I hate to leave you here. You'll forget all about me."

"You know I won't." Her voice was low.

He continued insistently, "Listen, Lin. Don't go with any other chaps while I'm gone, will you? You don't know me. I'm jealous as—" He stopped.

"All right, Clay; I won't if you don't want me to."

HE took her arm in his warm clasp. "That's my girl!" His deep voice was like a caress, his hand a flame sweeping through her body. When they came to the bridge over the river, his fingers tightened.

"Let's just walk down the ravine, Lin. It's our last night, you know."

So they took the little winding path down to the river which shimmered under the moon. The wind had dropped, breathless. There was an ineffable stillness over everything. When they stopped at the river's edge, and Clay's arms went around Linda for the first time, she felt no surprise and she raised her lips as simply as a child for their first kiss.

"Gee, you smell sweet!" But her laughter at that was shaky because his lips were against her cheek. With his bad-little-boy smile he put his fingers around her throat with a slight pressure. "You're so sweet I could—eat you!" he said between his teeth.

"Grandmother, what big teeth you have!" Linda thought dreamily. "The better to eat you with, my dear." In utter contentment she leaned against him. Everything was settled now, just as she had known it would be. She would never need to worry about being an old maid, to wonder how her aunts would be taken care of.

He sat down on a large boulder and drew her toward him. She put her fingers on his hair. He leaned his cheek against her body and his eyes closed.

"Oh, God, Linda, I want you so!" She wanted to sing out, "But, Clay darling, you have me!"

She must wait for him to speak. It was more seemly so. "Now he's going to propose," she said to herself in delicious certainty. They were silent. The air was heavy and breathless. Clay's arms gripped her convulsively and he shuddered, raising his face toward hers, his eyes the merest gleaming line under his lids. "Don't you understand? I want you, Linda! Here! Now!"

She looked at him, wondering. "What do you mean?" she asked blankly.

His BETTER JUDG*E*
advises him:

"NEXT TIME GET ETH

IENT

L"

HE KNOWS that in business it's an invariable fact: "You get just what you pay for—no more and no less." And now as he drives his car along, his *Better Judgment* reminds him: "The same holds true of gasoline. You can't get Ethyl quality at regular price."

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He did not answer but met her eyes silently, insistently. His hands burned against her back. . . .

Slowly her eyes widened. She was pushing at his shoulder now, holding him away. "What do you mean?"

But still Clay did not reply. His eyes were half closed. He looked almost unconscious. As if he were speaking from a long distance his voice came to her, hoarse and unreal: "Oh, I'll marry you all right—don't worry about that. You don't suppose I'd ever let another man have you, do you? But mother doesn't want me to marry till I'm through school. Four years is too long to wait, Linda."

There was a silence, taut, motionless. Then his voice came again: "But I could marry you next week—she'd have to let me—if—if—"

He pulled her toward him, his white face thrust forward, his teeth clenched, his eyes glittering.

"Don't be a little fool," he urged. "Everybody—everybody— Even—even—my mother!"

But as he said that he gasped and she saw his face fill with horror, as if he had said something so unspeakable that he could not go on.

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

He laughed. Roughly he blurted, "Never mind about that! It's not true! No. No, of course not." He stared at her and shook his head. "Anyway, it's you I'm thinking of, Linda. I want you. We're meant for each other—you know that, don't you?"

Again his arms sought to draw her toward him, so that to keep her balance she had to push him away. She struggled with a sudden instinctive strength, and before she knew it Clay was sprawled ridiculously on the ground.

At that her nerves snapped and she began to laugh hysterically, uncontrollably. She couldn't stop.

"Oh, Clay!" she gasped. "You look so funny!"

Instantly she knew she had said something dreadful—unforgivable. In a silence that finally became sinister Clay got up, dusted off his trousers, and stood over her. His voice was shaking with rage.

"So I'm funny, am I? You'd make a fool of me, would you? I'll show you you can't make a fool of me!"

FOR a moment she thought he was going to strike her. But he turned on his heel and started the climb back to the road. Appalled at his intensity, Linda scrambled after him, hardly knowing what had happened.

They got back to the road, where they met the others straggling along on their way home.

"Goodness, where've you been?" called Amy, who was walking with Bob Blanchard.

Clay apparently had quite recovered. He was suddenly jovial. "Just down to the river to look at the moon," he replied gayly. He gave a reckless laugh.

"I've just been proposing to Linda!" he announced cheerfully. "And what's more, she turned me down!"

Linda felt her face grow hot. She tried to laugh, but there was distress in her voice. "Oh, Clay, that's not so!"

There was an awkward pause, a few embarrassed snickers. No one knew what to say. Suddenly Dex, as if he couldn't stay there any more, started walking rapidly down the road alone. Bob Blanchard threw stones into the bushes, growling:

"Well, come on, everybody. You're not going to stand around here all night, are you?"

At her corner Clay and Linda left the others and went on, up the steps of her house. In the deep shadows the vines made against the wall, he took her again in his arms, gently this time. Her hands went shyly around his neck. His lips and eyes laughed down at her in silence.

"I'm glad you've forgiven me," she whispered.

He laughed. "How do you know I have?"

But she was sure of it. She could tell by his tone. She leaned against him trustingly.

"Do you love me?" he murmured in that deep voice that always seemed to reach clear down to her toes. It was the first time the word had been used between them. She nodded.

"Say it!" he commanded, smiling. "Say 'I love you, Clay!'"

Linda, with burning cheeks, her heart beating painfully, murmured at last, "I do love you, Clay." Then she slipped out of his arms and went into the house.

. . . . .

"Miss Stuart, who had the authority in your house during your girlhood? After your parents died?"

"My aunt, Miss Frances Stuart, until her death five years ago."

"Your Aunt Fanny was a rather stern lady, was she not?"

"I suppose she would be called that."

"So that since you were a small child you were accustomed to respect her authority?"

"Certainly."

"And since that time your other aunt has more or less taken her place?"

"Yes."

"During your childhood you had been unusually docile and obedient, had you not?"

"I never disobeyed them, if that's what you mean."

"That's exactly what I mean. So that whatever came up you were apt to do anything they expected you to do?"

"Yes."

"Tell me a little of their financial condition. Were they well off?"

"No."

"And you yourself had not inherited anything to speak of from your father, had you? You and your aunts would be considered in rather straitened circumstances?"

Linda's lips twisted in a little smile that the jurors found vaguely disturbing. "I imagine we would."

"How did they look on Clayton Carroll as a prospective husband for you? Were they in favor of it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

"Because he was in every way eligible. He had a good character, and besides that, of course, he was—"

"Wealthy?"

"I object! The counsel is leading the witness!"

The judge hesitated and then said impartially, "Objection is overruled. That is proper cross-examination."

"They knew he would be able to provide for me, yes."

"Did they ever urge you to marry him?"

"Not—exactly. Not in so many words."

"You do not deny, however, that their desire to see you married to him was not only because he was a good Christian young man but because they and you would all be in a far better position financially than you were before? After all, it is not often that a girl has a chance to marry so much money—"

Linda said coldly, "No, I do not deny it."

. . . . .

"YOU'D love them—they're such darlings," Linda said as she and Dex walked home through Maplewood's dusk one winter night. She had encountered him by chance on Main Street and he had fallen into step at her side.

She was a woman now. Twenty-one, and her beauty was at its peak. A year ago she had started a baby clinic in the mill section with several of her friends to help. It was doing well there and was an infinite joy to her. But at home they were more than ever pinched for money. For months she had felt that she ought to give up the clinic in order to earn their living. But the aunts bitterly opposed her getting a job. The clinic was different. That came under the head of "good works."

"It's bound to cheapen a girl, Linda. It soils her skirts, doing a man's job," Aunt Fanny had declared, not very originally. "Amy's teaching in New York? That's different. Besides, Amy hasn't the—the prospects that you have, my dear."

"Prospects" to all of them meant Clay, of course; but no one mentioned his name.

"It is the woman's part to wait," said Aunt Rilla. "We can manage." And each one added in her mind, "It's only for another year." . . .

"I'd love what? Your settlement babies? I'm sure I would, Linda, if you do."

Good old Dex! How like him to say that! Why couldn't Clay feel that way about the poor little waifs in Shantytown? What *he* had said was, "Why do you dirty your hands with the little brats? They probably have lice and rickets." But at the same time he had smiled charmingly, to take the edge off his words. . . .

Dex would love the babies just because she did. But that didn't satisfy her, either. There was no get-up-and-go about Dex.

They were silent, their footsteps crunching the snow under their feet. Then Dex said in a low voice, "Linda—it's still—Clay, isn't it?" His faithful eyes searched her face. "Yes, Dex, I'm afraid it is." She said it soberly.

A delivery wagon was standing in front of her house when they reached it, and Willie Collins came whistling around from the back door. He was a great gangling creature of seventeen now, his smile still a little foolish. Kind-hearted Mr. Riemenschneider, the butcher, paid him five dollars a week to deliver meat, but he was careful to instruct his customers: "You should till you come to the store sometime vait, then me you pay. He iss a goot poy, but—"

Willie felt very important with a job. He gave them a wide grin as he climbed on the seat and took up the reins.

"Howdy, Miss Linda. Howdy, Dex. Fine day, ain't it? Say"—he leaned out of his seat to call hoarsely, his grin turning sly—"how's Mr. Clay gettin' along at college, huh? Almost through, ain't he? Is he got any new gals yet?"

Linda with an effort said lightly, "Oh, he's getting along fine, Willie. He graduates in June."

WHEN Willie's eyes were on Linda they grew watery with yearning, as if her beauty stirred in him vague longings and he could hardly accept the fact that she was not for such as he.

She turned and ran up the porch steps. All the way home there had been one thought in her head: "Will there be a letter tonight? Will there?"

Willie clucked to his horse, and Dex followed Linda with a sigh. He knew why she was so anxious to get into the house; he had seen her look for those letters before.

"Sit down somewhere, Dex. I'll be back in a minute."

Yes, there it was, gleaming dimly from the newel post. She leaned weakly against the banister a moment, so painful was her relief. Then she snatched it up and flew to her own room, locking the door softly. Her eyes skimmed over the pages.

Darling, darling, darling—

Great news! I won the Senior Debate! . . . [She skipped to the last page.] All the fellows are in my room, talking about their girls. Gosh, I wish I had you here to show off! How the boys would stare at a beauty like you! The girls here in town are all right to play around with, but they throw themselves at your head so. They could certainly take lessons from you! Linda, you know, don't you, that I have you on a pedestal—that I love to think of you as pure and aloof and untouchable? Don't ever let me down, will you? Don't ever shatter that ideal.

Do you know that I'm jealous as the devil of that young doctor you have at the clinic? Good-by, my sweet. Don't forget, you're Clay's girl. I love you.

Never had he said so much. She went back over every word, sighing deliciously, then tucked the letter into her warm young bosom. At last she straightened her hair, powdered her nose, and went downstairs.

"Oh, Dex, he won the Senior Debate. Isn't it grand? He *is* smart, isn't he?" She went over to kiss Aunt Rilla, who was crocheting a tidy to cover the worn spot on the red rocker.

Dex got to his feet. "Yes, Linda, he is smart," he said gravely. "Well, if I'm to get home for supper I'll have to hustle. Good-by. Good-by, Miss Marilla."

He was gone without a backward glance. Aunt Rilla shook her white curls with pity. "Poor boy," she murmured. Later she said timidly, "You know, dear, I think you ought to go out more. You work too hard and you're too much with old people. Wouldn't you enjoy it?"

"Yes, sometimes. Only Clay doesn't want me to. You know that. He hates me to go out with other men."

"Yes, I know, dear; but until you and Clay are really—"

Linda smiled happily.

"But—but—we are! I mean—" She stammered in her confusion.

To Aunt Rilla one glance at Linda's flaming face was enough. Her old cheeks became suffused, her eyes beamed through tears. She got up and put her arm around her niece with a gentle squeeze.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so glad! So he's spoken!"

Overcome with emotion, she fluttered out of the room to seek Aunt Fanny, leaving Linda pale and a little frightened.

Later, after some little hesitation, Aunt Rilla went to her own room, where she lifted down a big box from the closet shelf. Dusting it off, she carried it to the parlor. Mysteriously she laid it on a table in front of Linda and began lifting things out. A cloud of yellowish lace, a wreath of faded orange blossoms—

"Oh, Aunt Rilla, what is it?" Linda breathed.

The old lady quavered, "It's your mother's wedding dress!"

Linda jumped to her feet. "Why, auntie, I never saw it before!" Together they lifted out the dress itself, soft rich satin, pearl-bead trimmings— Linda laughed excitedly. She held it up against her, her face glowing. "Do you suppose I could get into it?"

"Try it!" urged Aunt Rilla, pleased as a child.

Like conspirators they pulled in the shutters. Presently, like some enchanted heavenly creature just touching the earth, Linda stood poised, radiant, exquisite, her eyes brimming with excitement.

Aunt Fanny in the doorway stood transfixed. At the intense unconscious tribute in her eyes Linda's spirits soared exultantly. Would Clay look like that when he saw her in her mother's wedding dress? Oh, hurry, hurry, Clay, and get through college!

"Linda," said Aunt Fanny solemnly, "you look beautiful. So it's all settled, then."

It was a statement, not a question. Linda's fingers clasped her throat. How could she admit that she really didn't know? They were all too happy—too happy.

. . . . . .

"I SHOULD like to know a little more about Carroll's home life. He lived alone with his mother at that time, did he not? In the same house in which his body was found—the house which is still called 'the Aldrich place'?"

"Yes."

"And that house adjoins your property, so that there is a path leading from his house to yours?"

"Yes, that's right."

"They had only the two servants, Leon Griggs and his wife?"

"They were the only ones who lived in the house. The rest of the help went home at night."

"And this situation continued after his mother was gone, until his death?"

"Yes, except that Griggs's first wife had died and Griggs was married again—to Susie Harmon, the daughter of the laundress."

"Ah, yes; it was Mrs. Harmon who testified that she and Griggs were waiting together all that night at the hospital. Tell me, Miss Stuart, did you happen to know that Susie had gone to the hospital and Griggs was to have the night off?"

There was a breathless pause while the crowded courtroom watched agape, waiting for her answer. She swallowed and said with difficulty, "Yes, I did."

"How did you know that?"

"Clay told me that afternoon."

Stanley Wilmott tried in vain to hide the grin of exultation which this information elicited.

"So that you knew Clayton Carroll was to be alone in his house that night?"

Linda was breathing rather fast and her eyes were wide. "Why, yes, I suppose I did," she said slowly.

Has that answer sealed Linda's fate? Can Wilmott wring an even more damaging admission from her? Will his merciless grilling cause her to break down? Read next week's installment, in which her ordeal on the stand is continued—and in which Clayton's mother reveals an amazing and darkly foreboding secret about her son.

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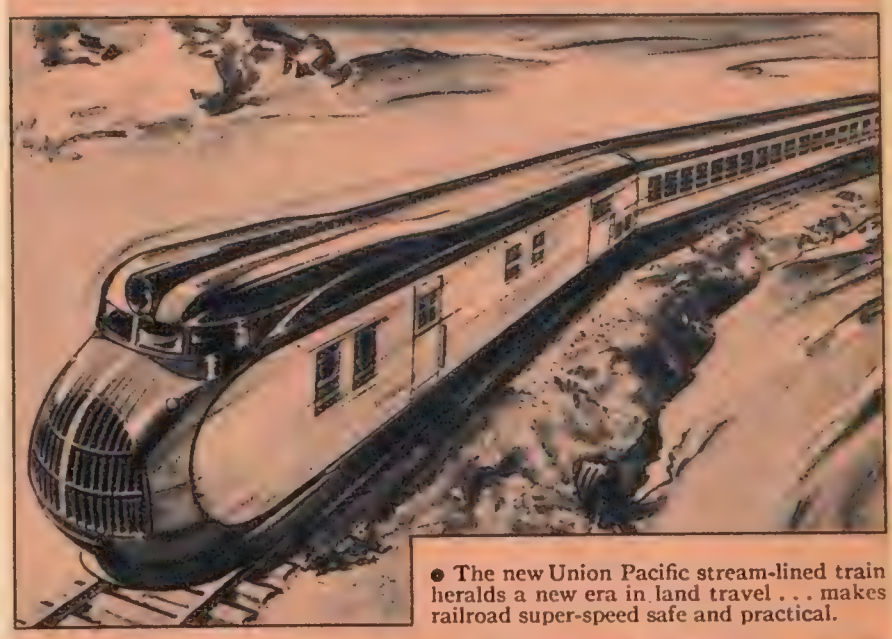

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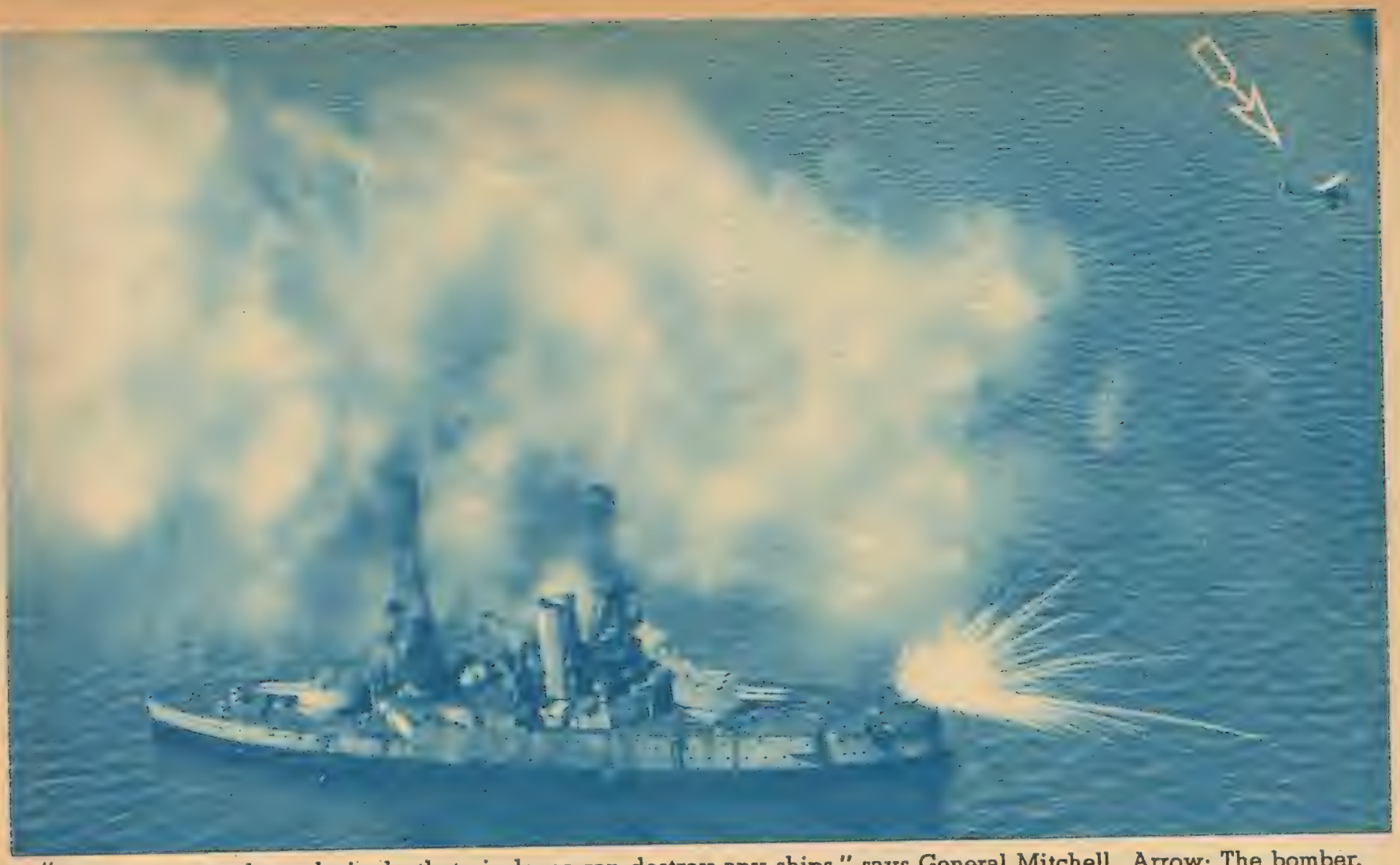


"We have proved conclusively that airplanes can destroy any ships," says General Mitchell. Arrow: The bomber.

Give Us More Planes Or We Perish

A Warrior of the Air Reads the Handwriting on Two Horizons and Pleads with His Compatriots to Safeguard Their Freedom

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WE in the United States are no longer isolated by the oceans from the rest of the world. Time was when we thought that with a strong land and seacoast defense we could keep anybody from injuring our country. That was when there were only ships on the ocean to deal with. Ships could either be fought by other ships or attacked from shore if they came near enough. When they attempted to land troops, forces could be assembled to stop them.

Since man's conquest of the air things have changed with great rapidity. During the World War the influence of aircraft against every kind of object on the ground was either decisive or very dangerous. Since the war, here in America especially, we have proved conclusively and decisively that airplanes can destroy, sink or blow up, any ships that have been built or that can be built. Such was the finding of the Joint Board of the Army and Navy, under General Pershing, which observed the bombardment that I conducted from airplanes against naval vessels.

Airplanes have now flown over 5,000 miles without landing, and still the skeptics say, "It is true they have flown that far, but they cannot carry enough weight in the shape of bombs or other armament to do any harm." This is just as absurd as their other contentions. The last long-distance flight of 5,340 miles without landing was made by a British airplane from Cranwell, England, to Walvis Bay, South Africa, in 57½ hours. The first half of the trip was made at an average ground speed of 110 miles an hour, the last half at about 90 miles an hour, due to head winds. Therefore this plane actually flew more than 6,200 miles in still air. It used gasoline as fuel, of which it consumed 1,000 gallons.

If a Diesel engine had been used on this same plane, a saving of about 25 per cent in the weight of fuel could have been made, and it could have risen from 35 to 50 per cent higher in the air. Under these conditions this airplane could have carried a 1,000-pound bomb in addition to all its fuel for that distance. Heavy-oil Diesel engines can now be made that weigh no more than two pounds per horsepower.

The long-distance airplane, such as made

by General WILLIAM MITCHELL

FORMER COMMANDER OF AIR FORCES, A. E. F., AND DIRECTOR OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS, U. S. ARMY

the record from Cranwell to Walvis Bay, can be greatly improved. This plane had only a 500-horse-power motor. If we should build an airplane with two 1,100-horse-power Diesels, it could fly 6,000 miles and carry 4,400 pounds of bombs.

I am mentioning these things so that the American reader may know what can actually be done now, instead of being forced to believe the flood of propaganda put out by those attempting to keep down the development of air power. If one takes a map of the world and measures the distances, he can see that an airplane of this kind can easily go to Europe and return, or come from Europe to the United States and return. It can fly from Alaska to the United States and back again, or from Japan straight across the Pacific to the United States. This has already been done by an airplane.

The Zeppelin airship also has encircled the globe. The airship, while more vulnerable than the airplane, is not nearly as vulnerable as a battleship or surface vessel, and in reality is a very potent instrument of international war. Its powers of concealment and stealthy approach are very great. It can stand by and await a favorable opportunity to attack.

CONTRARY to popular belief, which has been inculcated by army and navy propaganda to a great extent, the airship is a very difficult craft for an airplane or another airship to destroy. It can be done, to be sure, and if airships encounter each other, they will give battle. Airplanes may fight airships and airships may fight airplanes. But the space in the air is so vast that if movements are properly organized and conducted at very high altitudes, it will be impossible for the opposing force to find all the aircraft dispatched for an attack.

It is well known how difficult it is for a surface vessel to find an object on the water, whether it is another ship, an airplane, or anything of that kind. Our whole fleet has searched for days for a single airplane without success when they were within a few miles of it. Instead of there being only one level in the air on which to act, as there is on land or sea, there are innumerable levels to a height of seven miles, or about 35,000 feet, now a practical altitude for the operation of aircraft.

Suppose that the United States were at war with a foreign power equipped with airplanes capable of crossing the Atlantic or Pacific and striking our vital centers. Suppose that New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Chicago were attacked on the same night and a forced evacuation of their populations took place. Suppose that the railroads south of Sandusky, Ohio, which is the neck of the bottle in our transcontinental railway system, were put out of commission by an attack with gas. What could the country do? How could the millions and millions of people be fed?

Only a few aircraft, four or five, would have to be dispatched to these vital centers to gain this object. Flying at 35,000 feet in the dead of night, concealed by strata upon strata of clouds, it would be perfectly impossible even to detect the presence of the aircraft, to say nothing of organizing to meet them.

How would they be equipped? What would be their motive power? How would they find where they were, and how would they carry out their mission?

Each great nation has studied what aircraft for long-distance bombing should be. They have designs and plans for them which are kept secret and closely guarded. The various parts, such as propellers, engines, landing gear, navigation instruments, and weapons, have been tried out separately and are ready to be put together in case war seems imminent. The whole plane, embodying all the improvements, will not be assembled until the last moment, so that others will not find out about it, and it will be possible to surprise the enemy.

Let us form a mental picture of this plane. It will have a span of about 150 feet. The wing, about twelve feet thick, will contain quarters for the crew. Several Diesel-type motors will be mounted in the center of the craft, driving on to a central shaft, to which they can be hitched up or thrown out at will. All the engines will be used to lift the airplane off the ground or when maximum speed is desired, but when the required altitude has been gained, only three or four need be kept running.

The propeller may be thirty feet in diameter. It will be possible to vary its " pitch," or the angle of the blades, with respect to the air. The blades may be set at one angle to climb rapidly, or at another to attain the maximum horizontal speed. The landing gear will consist of two wheels twelve feet in diameter, which may fold up into the body of the plane when in flight or may be dropped off when the take-off is made. In the latter case, the underbody of the plane would be provided with landing skids. This plane will have very little parasitic resistance. It will be smooth all over. One may run one's hand over the surface without finding a single sharp projection. At 35,000 feet it should have a speed of around 350 miles per hour.

Bombed from the air. Later stages of the destruction of a battleship by planes in the famous test bombardment which General Mitchell conducted. Right: The ship sinks.

Army Air Service photos

A most important piece of its equipment is the gyroscopic automatic pilot. This instrument handles the plane almost like a living person. With an automatic pilot, the crew will be free to walk around the plane, only two members being required to be on duty at one time. They will check up on the various engines and instruments, while the rest can sleep or otherwise occupy themselves. There is little fatigue incident to piloting this plane through fog, rain, or snow.

Little offsets from the true course due to wind drift or other causes can be rectified whenever a check-up is made.

When an altitude of 20,000 feet is attained, such a plane's crew begins using oxygen. The men put on their masks, which are connected by a tube to oxygen containers attached to their belts, and the amount of oxygen supplied is regulated by an aneroid barometer or air-pressure gauge. Air-tight inclosed chambers with a suitable mixture of air for breathing can also be used.

When the cold becomes intense, heat is turned into the cabin. The exhaust of the engines, led through the structural members of the wings and fuselage, not only heats up the interior but the wing surface as well, and prevents ice from forming on it. Heat is also sent through the middle of the hollow axle into the propeller, which keeps it from being covered with ice. This is very important.

The bomber will also be equipped with an instrument which records its speed of flight, direction of flight, and altitude, all in one. This instrument looks something like the recording barometers in weather bureaus. One can tell the position of the airplane at any time by glancing at it. Corrections can be made for drift in accordance with the wind at various altitudes.

The cameras which the plane carries will take photographs of the objects passed over and will be able to transmit them to ground stations by radio. Maps can be drawn and transmitted.

For defense in the air, the plane will be armed with guns, some mounted to shoot out through the leading edge of the wings to the front, others mounted in the wing tips to shoot to right or left, and others in the tail, to shoot to the rear, up or down. Its principal defense, however, will be its ceiling, 35,000 feet, and the protection from discovery which goes with it.

For attacking ground objectives, one of its weapons will be the gliding bomb, which is shaped like the ordinary bomb but equipped with wings. These bombs fit into the bottom part of the wings in regular niches. In the tail of the gliding bomb is a rudder which contains a gyroscope. This can be set for any direction when the bomb is dropped, and steered to the right, left, front, or rear of the line of flight, just as a water torpedo can be directed by its gyroscope. The gliding angle of this bomb is one foot vertical for five feet horizontal distance. This means that if the bomb is discharged at an altitude of 30,000 feet, it will travel thirty miles horizontally; so if it were desired to bomb New York, the airplane would not have to come any closer than thirty miles to the city. If it is desired to have the bombs drop more precipitately, the surfaces of their wings can be reduced.

THE plane may also carry the air torpedo, which is really a small airplane with a little gyroscopic automatic pilot in it. It can be set to go on any course at any altitude, and made to drop its bombs at a given time, either by clockwork or by radio control. Even during the European war we had some of these already made. They were launched from the ground on a little track and as soon as they got up sufficient speed, the automatic pilot took hold of the ship, flew it to the altitude set, then proceeded on its course.

The last three shots that I directed with one of these air torpedoes were fired from Mitchel Field, Long Island, to Newark, New Jersey. Without the touch of human hands on the controls, this instrument went directly to its mark. Instead of a bomb it carried a camera, which took a picture showing exactly where the air torpedo was at the instant the release mechanism would have dropped the bomb, and what it would have hit.

Air torpedoes can be made in any size, of any capacity. In the future one may see an airplane flying along accompanied by five or six air torpedoes controlled by radio and directed by the crew in the plane. It is entirely feasible to build an air torpedo which can go clear across the ocean with no person whatever in it.

Our plane may carry the ordinary dropped bomb. This necessitates flying directly over the object to be attacked; but at 35,000 feet the airplane stands little danger of detection by a slumbering city. The sights for dropping the bombs are quite precise. Every consideration, such as speed, altitude, drift of wind, and direction of flight, is taken into account. The object to be attacked is viewed through a telescope, which, as it is moved, directs the airplane automatically through electric controls, and as the plane gets over the exact spot where the bomb should be dropped, the inclination of the telescope releases the bomb and down it goes. On moonlight nights objects on the ground can be seen almost as clearly as in the daytime, while the airplane, high in the sky, is safe from detection.

Such a plane will have great defensive power. It will be able to go as high as any other aircraft, even lighter planes, and thus avoid the disadvantage of an attack from above. Antiaircraft fire will have comparatively little effect on it.

THESE large airplanes can be built to go 6,000 miles without renewing their fuel. But refueling while in flight may also be accomplished. An airship or dirigible can carry enough fuel for a great number of airplanes. Several planes could be refueled simultaneously. In case repairs were needed, a plane could hook on to the airship and be pulled up to its bottom and held there until the work was completed.

The airships should have a capacity of from ten to twenty million cubic feet. The United States airship Macon has a capacity of about 6,500,000 cubic feet. The Germans are now building one of 7,063,000-cubic-feet capacity.

A large airship with its entire crew and full load will be able to cruise about 24,000 miles without replenishing its fuel; in other words, to cross the Pacific Ocean from our western coast to Asia and return, or to fly from any point on the earth's surface to any other point and return. These airships are able to carry not only airplanes but all weapons that a plane might use in very much larger sizes than those described for airplanes. The enormous load which one airship can carry, if it consisted of bombs, would be sufficient to cause the evacuation of a city like New York. A group of fifty such airships sent across the Atlantic or Pacific to a hostile state would cause a speedy evacuation of the great vital centers.

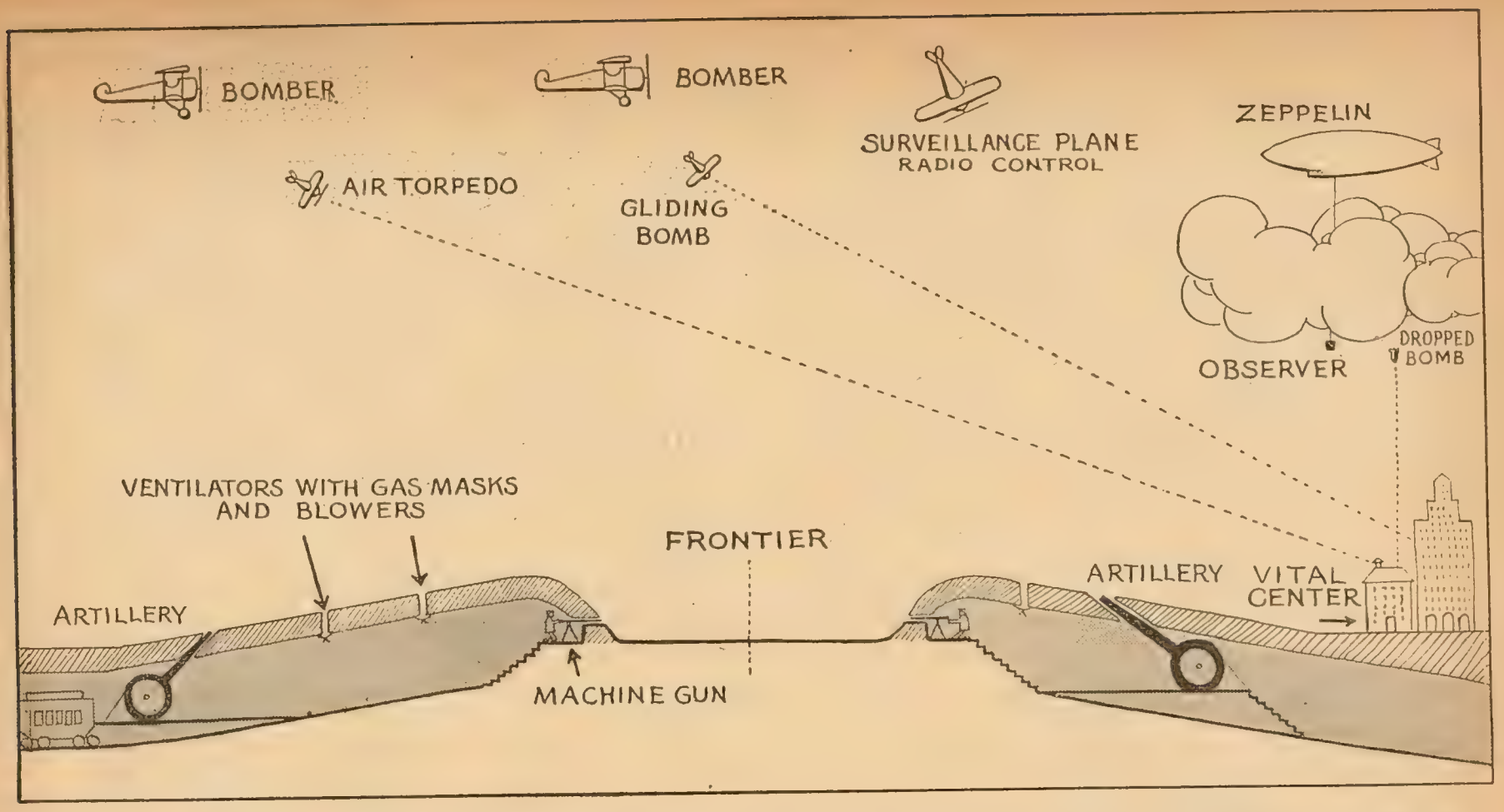
The cost of airships is small compared to the cost of battleships. A battleship with all its accessories costs in the vicinity of $70,000,000. Large airships, if several are built, cost from four to five million dollars apiece.

There is no known way by which the attack of aircraft can be stopped. The most effective means of combating them is to seize the initiative and attack the enemy first. The "power of initiative" reaches its highest development in the air. The nation that avails itself first of this power will reap tremendous advantages.

In the attack of vital centers, no attempt should be made to kill the population by the wholesale or to destroy the cities. Instead, a light gas might be employed that would merely cause evacuation of populous centers and show the people the futility of attempting to carry on war any longer. Of course if this did not work, stronger methods would be used.

Various nations have agreed not to use gas from the air unless the enemy uses it, but all of them continue to work hard on chemical warfare and chemical weapons to be used both in the air and on the ground. They all recognize the fact that unless they do use it and use it quickly, the enemy will. People in all the large cities in Europe and Japan are being trained in protective measures against attack by gas. Regular maneuvers are held to show them what to do.

Stanley Baldwin, former British Premier, while addressing the British House of Commons on November 10, 1932, on the subject of national defense and the bombing of vital centers, said, "If a man has a potential weapon



General Mitchell's own drawing of his conception of what the next great war will be on land and over it. Armies will be placed on the defensive in underground fortresses. Thus, at any given point, either country may secure its frontier against the enemy's land forces—but what is to secure its vital centers against attacks from the air?

and has his back to the wall and is going to be killed, he will use that weapon, whatever it is. . . . Experience has shown us that the stern test of war will break down all convention."

Air power will do away with a great many of the highly expensive instruments of sea power heretofore required. In future it will not pay any country to maintain a lot of battleships or other surface vessels on the high seas until mastery of the air has been gained. The cost of air power is vastly less than the cost of sea power. The radius of action of aircraft is so far superior to anything on land or sea, and their ability to deal destruction to an adversary, acting entirely independently of any army or navy, is so great, that they are able alone to obtain victory in a war. The nation not provided with air power at the beginning of a contest will be hopelessly lost.

Now what has this to do with our immediate future? It has just this: friction is constantly increasing between the white and yellow races. Asia is being awakened and incited by Japan to throw out the hated white man. Japan herself dreams of a conquest like that of Genghis Khan when his marvelous cavalry dominated the known world. In order to carry this out, they are concentrating their effort on their air power.

We are the only great white power whose homeland shores touch the Pacific, and in the struggle between East and West—that is, the yellows and whites—the United States must bear the brunt of the contest. We are more self-contained strategically than any country has been in the world's history. If we fail to avail ourselves of nature's gifts, we shall go the way of all decadent nations.

JAPAN has studied with great care the strategical situation in the Pacific. She knows that Alaska is the key point because it is at the apex of the Pacific triangle, midway between Asia and America. It is the natural bridge between these continents. From it New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, and all the cities in our decisive area could be attacked directly. The distance from Alaska to New York is about 2,700 miles.

Alaska is of much more ultimate importance to us strategically than the Hawaiian Islands or the Panama Canal. As air power will dominate future international contests, the military value of the Panama Canal will be greatly lessened.

The distance from the most westerly point of Alaska, Attu Island, to Tokyo, is less than 2,000 miles. An air offensive against Japan from Alaska could be decisive. They know this full well, and they also know that we are preparing for it in no way whatever. They are misleading us with naval preparation which really will be quite secondary to air power that ultimately will decide the contest between East and West, while with the greatest secrecy they are developing long-range bombers for an attack on the United States.

ARMIES and navies in Europe and America have reverted to the systems employed in the Middle Ages. The armies cling to the theory that they must advance across country to the vital centers; the navies still cling to the fleet action. Each has been in a state of arrested development practically since the invention of gunpowder.

Contrast their puny ability and limitations with the power of aircraft. Air power can be concentrated thousands of miles away within a day, controlled by radio anywhere in the world; it can disperse as rapidly as it assembled and strike at another locality equally distant with weapons of prodigious power. If any one country should become so strong that it could control radio communication and aircraft throughout the world, it could have universal dominion and hold it. That is what the Japanese aspire to. They desire to conduct their next war according to the new system.

All other first-class powers except the United States have special air departments for developing their air power, entirely removed from armies and navies, which have never been capable of handling this most important arm. The great countries of Europe, and probably Japan, are now building air fortresses. These are underground constructions where everything having to do with aircraft is stored and operated. They are made as invulnerable as possible to air attack either with explosives or with gas. Within these air fortresses are the means for fabricating aircraft, and the fuel, ammunition, and armament necessary for them; places for their crews to live; ports where the aircraft enter and depart.

Undoubtedly in northern Italy today there is an air fortress organized in this way which gets its power for the machinery from hydroelectric plants sunk way under the earth's surface that utilize the water power in the Alps. France has her air fortresses. The English are

developing them at Gibraltar and Singapore. The Japanese will have theirs on their main islands and probably on the northern Kurile, which is only 600 miles away from our Alaskan island, Attu.

Our national defense in this country is practically insensible to this development going on all around us. We are wrapped up in the dense fog of the "valor of ignorance." We cannot and will not have a real national defense until our air power is regarded as our great and principal weapon, not as a small auxiliary of the army and navy.

The public has had a rude awakening in connection with the air-mail scandals. These have demonstrated that a group of speculators have obtained control of practically our whole aëronautical situation. This has put us far behind both in knowledge of what is necessary for up-to-date aircraft and in planning for what will be necessary several years hence.

This situation is not being remedied up to the present time. The best solution, of course, is a single department of national defense, under which would function a department of aëronautics.

The Department of Aëronautics should consist of three sections. One, the Air Force, would constitute the fighting unit that attacks the enemy. It has nothing to do with the auxiliary air services placed with the army or navy. The second section should be charged with the technical features of development in aircraft. The third section should be charged with civil and commercial aviation, the airways, weather service, etc. Incidentally, under this would come the air mail. The financial accounting for this organization should be under the General Accounting Office of the Treasury.

EVERY other first-class nation on earth has adopted a system of this kind, whereby responsibility can be fixed, expenses cut down, and dishonesty more easily traced and exposed. Our aëronautical mess is so complicated because almost every department of government has a finger in it—the Army, Navy, Post Office, Commerce Department, National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics, Coast Guard, Marines, and others—so that no efficient action or development is possible.

Each year about the same projects are submitted before the Congress with reference to our aëronautical situation. They range anywhere from creating a Department of Aëronautics to doing away entirely with the use of aircraft in war.

The same information is always brought before the committees by the airmen, who support the proposed Department of Aëronautics. They are greatly in the minority because they have no economic or financial weight behind them. The Navy, backed by the great interests that keep it up, always downs the propositions looking toward a separate air service, and indirectly helps keep the profiteers in control. The Army seconds it, as they know very little about aëronautics and are jealous of its growing importance.

This year the bills introduced are no exception to the rule. The Vinson naval bill, which has now become law, authorizes appropriation of money for carrying out the existing system of the Navy. It is merely pouring money down a rat hole as far as heavier-than-air aircraft are concerned. If some of this money is used for the development of first-class dirigible airships and the instruction of competent crews for them, it will be of some benefit; otherwise the money will be just more grist to the mill of the profiteers.

The membership of the Military Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, presided over by Mr. McSwain of South Carolina, are thorough believers in the principle of the Department of National Defense. They understand the necessity for the grouping of our air power under one head. However, the political situation in Congress is such that without leadership from the administration, they fear to put in a bill that may be defeated by the Navy. Therefore they are doing what they think will bring about the most good under these conditions. Mr. McSwain has introduced a bill making the Air Corps just as independent of the Army as it can be and still be a part of it, by providing for a separate promotion list and a separate budget. The bill also provides for a great increase in personnel and equipment.

It does not provide for a mission for the Air Corps. Until a mission is prescribed—that our air power shall defend all air areas and not be under the Army and Navy—there will be no chance for a proper air defense nor for technical development. Upper officers will be chosen by the Army and of course under these conditions will not be able to call their souls their own when appearing before Congress to testify about aëronautical organization, or when devising and developing aircraft.

NO one is charged with the defense against aircraft in this country. Defense against aircraft should be under the Air Force because they are the only people who know how aircraft will attack and how to meet these attacks. A system of protection and instruction of the civilian population in case of air attacks using gas and high explosives should be provided for.

The Army General Staff, seeing the growing interest being taken in aëronautics by Congress, submitted a plan which accords to the Army Air Corps a mission a little enlarged from that of a pure auxiliary.

This plan contemplates the assembling of a certain number of bombardment and pursuit planes into a General Headquarters Reserve.

Such a plan was put into effect in Europe seventeen years ago and found to be worthless because it still left the army in control of aëronautical movements, operations, personnel, and equipment.

The whole world has found only one satisfactory way to handle aëronautics, and that is to divorce it entirely from the army, navy, or other departmental and bureaucratic control. As an asset to the nation it is of paramount importance.

Air power's own unhampered existence must be provided for and maintained or it will not fulfill the functions which it is capable of performing. If the United States is attacked by a great nation that has concentrated all its air power under one head, as they all have, we shall find ourselves under an enormous handicap which probably will result in calamity.

The future preservation of the independence of this country depends on air power.

THE END

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

"I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN"

By

Kathleen Norris

A story of heartbreak and hungry souls

DOES JAPAN WANT ALASKA?

By

Yosuke Matsuoka

A reply to Senator Arthur R. Robinson, and his recent warning in Liberty

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THOUGHTS ABOUT MY MOTHER

By

Anna Roosevelt Dall

A Mother's Day tribute from a daughter to her "closest and dearest friend"

Relief—no farther away than your medicine cabinet

How comforting to have a bottle of Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet! For then, at the first dull throb in your head, you are sure of prompt, effective relief. Here's why!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one reason why it so promptly brings relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is quickly relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied. And all the while, needed alkali is being supplied to the blood.

Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced remedy

No wonder your head clears . . . pain goes . . . you feel like another person before you know it! Relief is quick!

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of five medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose, each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results. Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby in many homes for over forty years.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical, family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Full directions are given on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

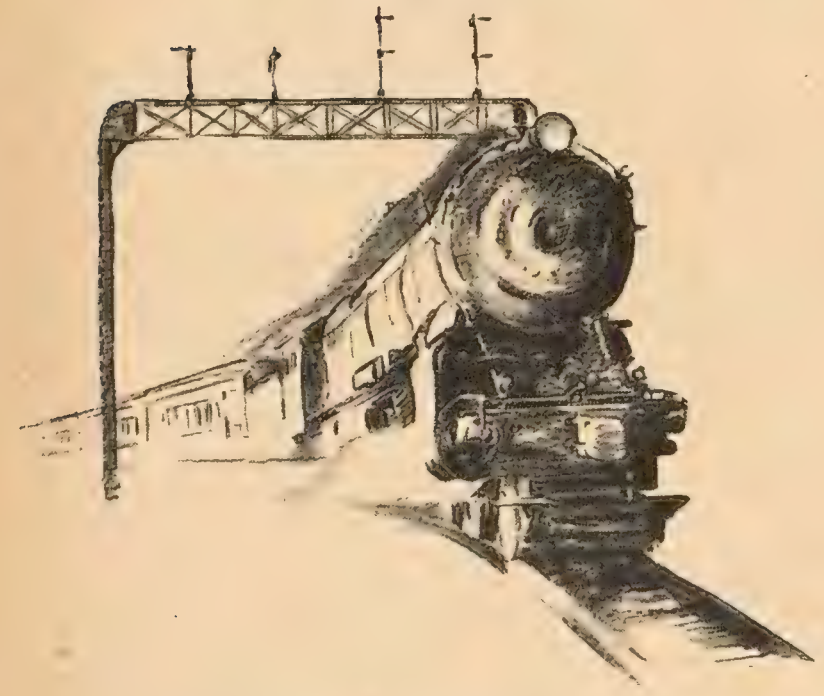
EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick **Pleasant** **Reliable**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. HENRY

A Girl His Own Size



Mary Faith Was in Love with Him and Didn't Care Who Knew It. Then Came Susan—and This Is the Delightfully Piquant Story of What Happened

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THEY had both been hoping that they wouldn't see any one they knew on the train. It was one of those popular trains linking cities, swift and direct, on which a traveler was apt to meet some one with a slight claim of acquaintance and be thrown against his will into an evening's companionship. The man and the girl didn't see each other. But they both looked as unsociable and impersonal as possible as they followed their porters through the hot breathlessness of the station.

Susan Dillingham gave the grizzled, bent Negro who carried her luggage all the silver she had in her purse, because her linen-covered, red-striped cases were heavy, and because she thought being old was the most pitiful thing in the world. Then she sat down and looked out of the window of her compartment.

For fifteen years she had been coming home on this train every once in a while, often with a ragged heart. The first time had been from boarding school. She had been utterly desolate then at leaving a French teacher for the stretch of a three-months holiday. She had sat up in her berth half the night reading a small blue *Nouveau Testament* which the teacher had given her in parting.

Later on there had been quite other things: telegrams rushing to the train to bring a last farewell or a first welcome; often orchids. Some one always cared because she was going or coming. Sometimes there was a letter in the pocket of her hand bag, to be read as soon as the train pulled out. Susan looked down at the way the square jewel in a ring bulged in her thin glove. She had that this time—proof that she was still loved, more highly valued than ever, at last promised. That was what people at home would want to know.

In his seat in the next car, Dick Lightner opened the evening paper the minute he was seated. He held it before him, a shield against casual glances. After a little, after he had seen the last reports on the stock market and looked over the sport page, he was going to think about Mary Faith. She would be sure to meet the train in the morning, and he wanted to make up his mind about her.

Mary Faith was in love with him and didn't care who knew it. She was beautiful and very young and had all the ardor of nineteen, more than she knew what to do with and more than even Dick knew what to do with sometimes. But he wasn't at all sure that he hadn't found in her the girl who couldn't possibly make him unhappy. That was what he wanted to be sure about before he married any one. He did not mean it selfishly, because it did not occur to him that he ever would make a woman unhappy if she were his wife.

He had thought about many girls on this train in the last dozen years. And, because he had been careful in decisions and always made them in advance, he was still popular at thirty-four, still desirable, free, able to make a girl like Mary Faith fall in love with him.

A dining-car waiter, slick in his white-starched apron, came through the train announcing dinner. Susan did not stir. Dick paid no attention. The waiter's announcement cajoled each of them in turn a second time, forty minutes later. They ignored it. Then at last Dick grew tired of sitting there and went to get his dinner. Later, in the slow dusk, Susan touched the bell on the ledge between her windows.

"Ask the waiter to bring me a plain omelet," she said, "and a French roll. And a glass of milk."

There were many women and girls on the train, and Dick unconsciously classified them as usual. There were the ones he didn't see even when they bumped into him and he begged their pardons, fat women in dark printed silk suits that only pretended to be cool and were already soggy and limp, or thin women with faces made of ridges and wrinkles. Some of the girls were pretty enough, but they looked as if the heat and cinders and dust of the train would soon disarrange and spoil them.

Aware of a lovely golden head, Dick wondered why prettiness seemed so flat, why it didn't whet his interest and curiosity as it used to. There were so many pretty girls that it took too much of a man's time to look at them, for one thing. He went on toward the rear smoker, and

Mary Faith was deciding firmly on him. She had little shyness and few reserves.

walked down a thin aisle which bordered a row of compartments. A conductor was standing in the door of one of them, reporting something about train schedules to a girl, and Dick found his way blocked. The girl did not face him, but he saw her profile, a soft half veil concealing part of it.

Her suit was made of brown cloth. It was not transparent and was sleeved to the wrist on a slim arm. It was a fine thin cloth and it did not look warm or heavy. There were no placating touches of white about its collar. It was all as brown as an autumn oak leaf. Dick gave her a very appreciative glance because her appearance was a relief after the sight of so many other women baring their skins to the heat. Then she moved and he saw who she was.

"Why, hello, Dick," she said.

The conductor went on his way.

"Well, isn't this fine? Isn't this great luck?" asked Dick.

He wasn't sure that it was. Attractive as she was, Susan Dillingham was a little obscure to him. He'd never quite placed her in a definite niche in his own mind, so that he knew exactly what to say to her, how to make the best impression. They knew each other very well, of course. And yet they didn't.

THEY had been in the same set while they were growing up. Afterward, in the first gay years of being grown up, they'd seen a great deal of each other. He had been best man and she had been bridesmaid several times at the same weddings. Then their group of friends began definitely to be a married set, and Susan and Dick had somehow proceeded in different directions. The younger girls always wanted unattached and attractive men and Dick had found his time as full as ever.

Susan kept on being popular too, but in another way. She spent a great deal of time traveling, visiting about. When she came back home she was usually seen with older men, and she was almost too popular with married ones. Dick tried to remember what he had recently heard about Susan's engagement.

by MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

To Dick it seemed like other parties.
He danced with a bored expression

She asked him to sit down and he took the place opposite her. He liked looking at her. The thin wooden purse, the untrimmed brown slippers were just as they should be, fashion steadied by good taste.

"Coming back to look the old place over again?" he asked.

"I'm going to visit my father," she told him.

That, he knew, wouldn't be any treat. Dillingham was a sour, mean old man. He always had been, and he was probably worse than ever. There was an enormous old castle of a family house. Dillingham's wife had run away from it thirty years before.

The story of that flight, or escape, and the legal battle that followed over Susan, belonged to an older generation than Dick's. He only knew the subsequent facts: that Susan had been brought up by the nurse whom Dillingham had married after his vindictive divorce, and that the household had always been queer.

The Dillinghams were too prominent in the city's business and social life to ignore. Dick remembered a party he had attended years ago at their house, and how old Dillingham went around turning off all the lights that he didn't consider necessary while the guests were still there.

The old fellow was half cracked, of course, but it wasn't much fun for Susan. She didn't ask people to her own house often after that, and was gayer at other people's houses, as if to make up for it.

That black, resentful old house, with its circles of red geraniums and the wire circles around those to keep their pudgy blooms intact —what a dreary place that must have been to live in!

But no one would guess to look at Susan now, thought Dick, that everything hadn't always been smooth for her. Of course, after she came of age and contact had been reëstablished with her mother, she had a few breaks. She spent part of her time with her mother, who was known to have been taken into very fashionable sets on both sides of the Atlantic. But she still came back to see her father and that browbeaten second wife of his.

"You don't change, Dick," she said.

"I've been too busy to improve."

"Not married yet?"

"Not yet."

"You must wear a charm," said Susan. "Or is it a St. Christopher medal that keeps you from such accidents?"

He laughed. "I guess the right girl didn't come along."

"You're just fussy."

"Well, I haven't given up hope."

"Of finding the right girl? You want to be careful! If you shop around too much you always come home with something you don't like—and really don't want. Where do you look now? In the débutante department?"

IT wasn't a tone he could really resent.

"I don't look for them at all."

"You never did," she agreed. "They looked for you. And apparently they still do."

"What makes you think that?"

"I just guess. You probably are a living proof to young girls that older men are really more interesting."

She was making him feel foolish and wish that he had worn a darker, more conservative tie. He had a sense of making no impression on her, and he wasn't used to that.

"How about yourself?" he asked. "I'm not the only one who's taken plenty of time to look around."

"I'm going to be married," said Susan. "I finally got asked. Isn't that nice?"

"Finally," he said mockingly, wondering how many men had asked to marry Susan. As a matter of fact, he'd almost done it himself once, after Jane Hooker's wedding. "Is the man from New York?"

"More or less. He's in Nevada now."

So it was going to be one of those marriages grafted on to a divorce, thought Dick. He remembered now that was what he'd heard. But

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

is the well known author of several books and numerous articles and short stories in leading magazines. She is a graduate of Vassar, was research fellow of the Russell Sage Foundation, and was married in 1914. Her home is in Duluth.

she probably knew what she was doing. She looked competent. And she certainly wouldn't be the kind of woman a man would tire of.

"Tell me about Anne and Jack," she said.

"I saw Anne on the street the other day," Dick told her. "Two whistles, one at noon and another at one o'clock, blew during one of her sentences. Her children's teeth have to be straightened, which is difficult because Jack's boss never has appreciated what he's worth and she's willing to economize of course but is this going to last forever—"

Susan laughed. "Anne never learned punctuation. But she's sweet. And you don't have to listen to her often. Once I thought you were going to marry Anne. But not for long. You didn't give her the whirl you gave Dora. How's Dora?"

"She's having a second blooming," he said—"or maybe it's hay fever."

IT was rather fun to talk them over. He hadn't done that in a long while. Of course he'd been seeing younger people most of the time and they weren't interested in Anne and Jack and Dora. He wasn't interested in them himself any more, and hardly ever saw them except at very big parties. But this girl in the brown suit, with the sophisticated manner, brought back that feeling of belonging to a crowd that he hadn't had in some time. He didn't get it among Mary Faith's friends, naturally.

He told her that Sam Rockwood had been pretty sick. It was kind of a collapse. But from what he'd heard, Grace had stood right by and was pulling him out of it.

"Grace would. Have you seen her lately?"

"Not for months."

"I thought the Rockwoods were tremendous friends of yours."

"They are. I used to go there a lot. But—I don't know. They're interested in their own affairs," said Dick vaguely.

"Don't you ever take on girls your own size any more?" asked Susan.

She made him want to defend himself.

"I don't go by size. If a girl is intelligent and lovely—"

"Is one?" she inquired specifically.

"I think so."

"What's her name?"

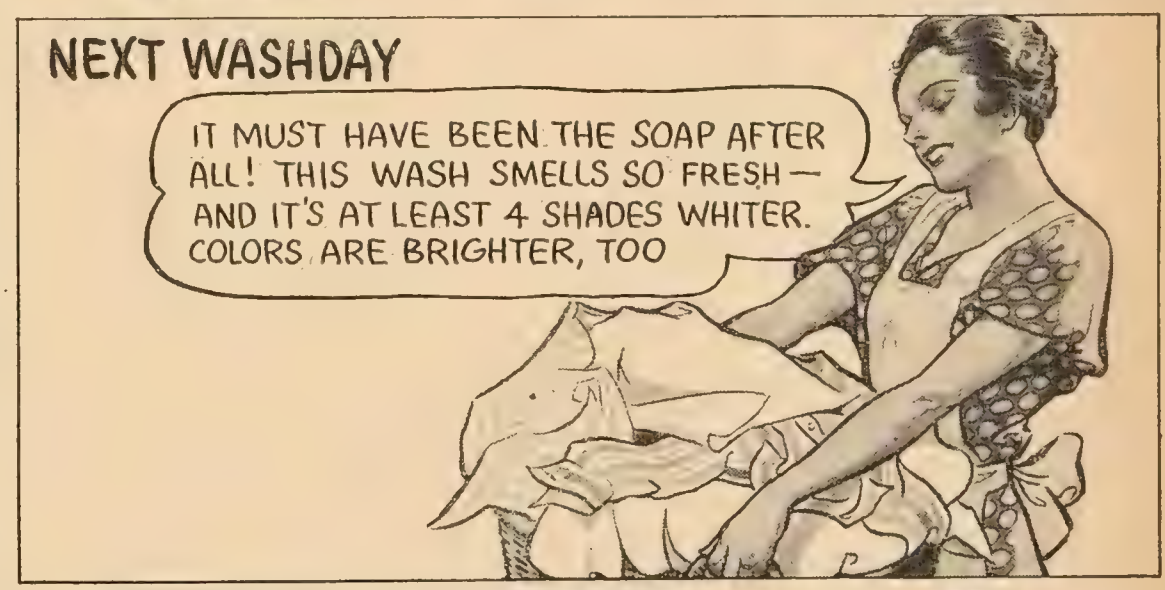
He told her. He knew he might as well. If he didn't, some one else would tomorrow.

"Mary Faith Sheldon."

"I've always admired girls who can make a community use two of their names. Most of us have to get by on a nickname or a by line. Mary Faith," repeated Susan. "Yes, I remember. There was a little Sheldon girl."

In the morning, thought Dick, she'd see that the Sheldon girl was no longer so little. He was annoyed because Susan made him unsure of himself. What was her idea about men, anyway? He wondered what kind of man interested Susan and changed that lazy indifference of hers into ac-

SWEETER THAN MINE AND WHITER, TOO— YET I SCRUBBED FOR HOURS
I NEVER SCRUB! RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN AND WHITE, WHY DON'T YOU TRY RINSO NEXT WASHDAY?


NEXT WASHDAY
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SOAP AFTER ALL! THIS WASH SMELLS SO FRESH— AND IT'S AT LEAST 4 SHADES WHITER. COLORS ARE BRIGHTER, TOO

HOW EASY RINSO MAKES DISHWASHING! GREASE GOES LIKE MAGIC. YOU KNOW DEAR—
I'm never going to use any soap but Rinso—for the wash, for the dishes, *for all cleaning!* It gives such gorgeous suds, rich and lasting—*even in hardest water.* And Rinso will save us lots of money because it makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer.
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quiescence or passion. Passion—he was startled to find the thought of that in his mind. It was almost unfamiliar. Mary Faith delighted him, stirred him. She could make him feel like a boy. Susan didn't. She was making him feel like a man who was missing something.

They spent two more hours together, and then Dick smoked alone in the rear car. He still had plenty of time to think about Mary Faith, and nobody interrupted him. But his mind wasn't under control. It kept going back to Jane Hooker's wedding, going over those old incidents. If old man Dillingham hadn't been so perpetually in the background about that time, local history might have been changed.

Susan Dillingham lay in her berth with her hands locked behind her head on the two stiff pillows and watched the stars spin by. The big diamond on her hand, greedy for light, caught a gleam now and then from a lamp in some small station, and glittered. Susan wondered if people would ever find a better way out of growing old than trying to keep young.

Mary Faith was at the train in the morning in a tomato-colored roadster with the windshield laid flat. Though she was nineteen, on getting out of bed she sometimes looked only fifteen, and this was one of those mornings. She was also on her way to play tennis, and so she had worn blue shorts and a white sweat shirt to the train. She didn't kiss Dick, but she looked at him so desirously that he almost felt her mouth; and while he was very glad to see her, he hoped that Susan was not watching too closely. He went to get his bag, and came upon Susan pointing out her pieces of luggage to the worn-looking gardener who was also the chauffeur of the Dillinghams. She looked very distinguished this morning.

"That was a grand talk," said Dick. "I hope I'll see you while you're here."

"I hope so," she answered with amused doubt in her inflection, and he could tell by that smile, which understood more than it should, that she had seen Mary Faith greet him. She added, proving it: "Those dear little dimpled knees! Do kiss them for me."

He hadn't been as red as that in years. He didn't know there was that much color left in him. And in the roadster he was further embarrassed by the fact that he had to hold on to his hat or take it off. It seemed too early to ride through the city hatless, with other men of his own age and importance going to business. And Mary Faith always started her car as if she expected it to fly.

THE best family parties in the city were at the country club on alternate Wednesday nights, when the old went home to bed at a decent early hour and the young stayed up late. Nobody gave the parties. They were one of the premiums that went with a corporate membership and a dollar and a quarter for dinner. Each member was asked to come individually, but of course no one except a few cocksure young men went by themselves. The rest banded together—the three or four younger sets, the five or six married sets, the surviving older married set.

Dick went with Mary Faith on the second Wednesday in July after his return. She was wearing a gingham evening dress, long-skirted and ridiculous and delightfully childish. It was cut with square shoulders and was plaided in dark and light blue. She had dark-blue eyes the same color as parts of the dress, and bronze hair. Expressions drifted across her face like clouds ruffling a clear sky just a little, only serving to accent its youth and perfection. There wasn't any prettier girl in the room, possibly in the nation.

There were fourteen in her party tonight, and they'd all been dining at the club and talking incessantly about a tennis tournament which had been going on in the afternoon. Dick hadn't seen the matches, because after all a man in charge of an industry has to be in his office when things are happening; and things had been happening that afternoon. They were still on his mind when Mary Faith called up for the third time and said, "Of course you're through working. Don't be silly, darling!"

She was very sweet but she didn't know what it was all about. She didn't realize that a change of twelve cents an hour in wages would mean a tremendous difference in the space of a year. Dick didn't want to talk to her about that, but he did wish that some of these noisy kids would appreciate the fact that when a man had things on his mind he couldn't be expected to join in the clatter.

"You mustn't worry," said Mary Faith, at his elbow. "What good does it do?"

Everything that wasn't gayety to her was worry.

"It's such a swell party!" she exclaimed.

To Dick tonight it seemed just like a great many other parties, only a little more tiring. He danced with her, and avoided a cut-in with a bored expression. He didn't like competing with these boys who didn't seem to shave very well.

"That's right, hang on to me," said Mary Faith, and hung on to him instead.

"Look," said Anne to Susan Dillingham, pointing them out.

"Do you think we should look?" asked Susan with an imitation of excessive good taste.

"Perhaps Dick's found the right girl at last!" said Dora ironically.

"She ought to be right," said Anne. "She's got more looks and more money than any one else."

"Even more names," said Susan, getting up to dance with Anne's husband.

SUSAN'S dress was white, and had a curious striped jacket that every girl and woman knew at a glance they couldn't possibly copy, no matter how they tried. Her face was pale and made no pretense at being the face of a woman less than thirty. But when she went out on the floor for the first time even the young people turned around to see her again.

"Who's that?" asked Mary Faith. "Isn't she stunning for an older woman?"

"That's Susan Dillingham," said Dick; "and she's not so old."

"Where did she come from?"

"She's always been here," Dick said. "For years. I grew up with her. She's a nice girl."

"She's sort of fascinating," said Mary Faith. "Who's the old fellow with her?"

The old fellow was a year younger than Dick.

"Life goes on after thirty, you know," he said to Mary Faith rather shortly.

Susan danced as women do who have danced at least part of every year in their lives. Jack Keating had always had a sense of rhythm, but he hadn't had much chance to use it since his children were born, so he was having a beautiful time. Dick, doing the current steps which the young crowd insisted on, felt that he too would like to dance with Susan. He thought that when some one else cut in on Mary Faith he would let her go for a few minutes.

But Jack wouldn't let him have Susan, after all. So it was much later when Dick managed to have a dance with her. He had to smuggle it.

"What have you been doing with yourself since you've been here?" he asked.

"Enjoying myself. Swimming. Bridge. Golf. Going to dinners."

"Who's been having dinners?" asked Dick.

She told him. He hadn't been asked to them. It gave him a sense of being snubbed which he knew was silly.

"And are you playing golf too?"

She nodded. "I always play golf."

Mary Faith tried to make him jealous when he came back to hunt her up. He was a little bored by that, because he knew every trick she was playing before she began it. Also, he wasn't jealous; so he didn't get any kick out of it.

"I've found out about that woman," she said. "She's going to be married. They say the man's terribly old and very grand and rich."

"Old?" he asked.

"I heard he was fifty or sixty."

"Well, she's probably in love with him."

"How could she be!" exclaimed Mary Faith. "But they say he has all sorts of yachts and things."

"Yachts aren't neckties. A man doesn't have all sorts of them."

"Say, are you jumping on me?"

"Of course I'm not."

"Dick, I don't mind if you do," she said, absurdly affectionate.

"Don't you want to go and dance with one of these boys?"

"I hate boys," said Mary Faith, who was beginning to show a great tenacity of purpose.

The surprising thing about the situation was that Dick had always made up his mind about girls before. But this time it seemed to be Mary Faith who was making up her mind and deciding firmly on him. She had little shyness and few reserves; and because she was so young, such ingenuousness sat rather prettily upon her, and she knew it.

"Let's get married, Dick," she said before she let him go that night.

"We ought to think about that, you lovely child."

"I've thought," said Mary Faith, "as much as I want to. And why should we wait? I'm of age. I have my own money. You do love me, don't you, Dick?"

She was very forceful in spite of being young. And she had always had what she wanted.

"We can have a much better time when we're married," she told him, "and it's perfectly crazy to put off a good time. Now isn't it?"

MAYBE it was. He thought impulsively that she might be right. It was a tempting moment, and he was tired of working things out. So their engagement was announced. It looked queer to Dick when he saw it. He felt somehow that the newspaper item had picked the wrong man and didn't mean him. But Mary Faith convinced him otherwise; and sometimes, with her little fresh cheek against his, he believed it was going to be delightful. But when she began to make her plans he was rather horrified at Mary Faith's idea of a big wedding. She wanted a crowd. She wanted a big party out of it. To be attended at St. Michael's by all those kids was rather a dreadful idea to Dick.

Once or twice in the next week he saw Susan. The first time he didn't get a chance to talk to her. She was surrounded with people on the golf course when she came in after winning the city tournament. The younger girls hadn't been able to stand up to her at all. And she looked superb as she stood there on the very green lawn, with a white angora sweater pulled over her slim arms.

The second time he saw her was when he passed her riding out in the country with Dora's husband, Fred Cutler. They had been talking so earnestly they hadn't noticed Dick when he flashed past. Dick wondered about that incident. Of course Dora was a fool; but still, she was or had been a close friend of Susan.

He saw Anne Keating on the street one day not long after, and didn't try to avoid her. He was curious about Susan.

"Seen a lot of Susan?" he asked.

"Yes; isn't she too marvelous?"

Where there's a whine there's a warning

WHEN baby laughter turns to whining—and your simplest reprimand meets a storm of tears—don't get irritated, mother. Get worried!

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• • •

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from babyhood to 11 years

He got in a question quickly: "When's her wedding coming off?"

Anne drew a long breath. "Haven't you heard about that? When it isn't coming off and the man came all the way out here to see Susan though nobody seems to have met him but he went back almost at once and Susan hasn't that perfectly superb ring any more which must mean that it's all over and nobody has the faintest idea what happened but I wonder if Susan is the marrying kind for they say that this man could give her simply everything even if he was so much older and say what you like that does make a difference in married life not that I've for a minute regretted marrying Jack—"

He interrupted: "Has Susan gone away?"

"No for I heard her mother will be just furious at this broken engagement so she's still staying with her father and really Dick she is a grand person you know she practically patched up that affair between Dora and Fred when Fred was determined to get a divorce but Fred has always been so devoted to Susan that he did what she told him—"

"Sorry, Anne," said Dick. "I have to meet a man."

It wasn't any of his business. But that recovered freedom of Susan's taunted him. What would she do with it now?

She was free and he wasn't. Why had she decided to break it off? He almost called her up to ask if he could call on her, and then changed his mind.

The evenings always belonged to Mary Faith anyhow. She ran through dozens of evenings with extravagance of energy, and paid for them with plenty of caresses that Dick wanted to value more. He didn't know what was wrong with him, but he was very much afraid that they might quarrel in the end over wedding arrangements. The attendants hadn't yet been decided on. He'd promised to pick out the men, and he knew whom she wanted—a lot of these boys who'd make the affair look silly.

PROTECT CHILDREN

By Tom A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the eighth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

A contemptible traffic chiseler is he who fails to give child pedestrians the full measure of consideration to which they are entitled.

Children live in a strange world of make-believe. In the excitement of play the street may be, for the moment, an enchanted castle or a magic forest or an old Indian trail. The youngsters move about in this entrancing fairyland far removed from actuality, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, and thinking only about their world of youthful dreams.

That is why so many of them dart in front of automobiles and get killed—or, through permanent injury, carry to their graves the indelible scars of momentary thoughtlessness.

Little children are almost entirely at the mercy of the motorist. That's why every child in the street should be regarded as a human caution sign.

One can't be too careful when the life of a child may be at stake.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

THEY were dancing that night at a road house where many kinds of people usually joined in a loose conspiracy to stay up late. There was dancing with a good orchestra and a floor show at one o'clock. In the rear rooms a few gambling games provided amusement. Dick, unutterably bored with the professional dancers, went out there to see what was going on.

To his surprise he saw some of his old friends—the dull ones. Anne and Jack were there, Fred and Dora, and surprisingly even Sam and Grace Rockwood. He guessed they'd had dinner together somewhere, and were having one of those nights of wild dissipation that the normally domestic sometimes indulge in. Dick felt a little out of it as he looked at them. They were having a lot of fun, in spite of their children and worries at home.

He saw Susan too. She was in a thin black net dress. It was plain and so was her face tonight, but she was the most interesting woman in the room. Dalton Gale was with her. It would be Dalton—the perennial escort. She deserved better than that.

"Hello," he said to every one.

They were all cordial but surprised to see him.

"Where's your party and when's your wedding?" asked Anne.

"I don't know," said Dick ignorantly.

He moved over to where Susan stood.

She moved to the other side of the room and he followed her. They sat on a bench near the door.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Not hurt," she answered frankly.

"Why did you break your engagement?"

"You really want to know?"

"I wish I did."

"I broke it," said Susan, "because when you announced yours I knew that what I was up to was wrong. Perhaps not for you, but it is for me. I didn't like the thought of it. I think I would rather be unmarried if I can't have what they have."

SHE was looking at their friends.

"What do you mean?"

"I always wanted what they have, you see. Marriage at the right time with some one I loved and who was my own age. I just wanted a house and a lot of happiness and a lot of troubles and children. I wanted a man my own size."

"But why didn't you take one?"

"I wasn't asked," she said. "You didn't believe that, but it's true. I couldn't have men come to see me at home—you know how it was—and I couldn't blame poor father, because he'd lost just what I wanted and never got over it. I knew that. It was all pretty awful. Men took me out—I always had plenty to dance with—but they didn't ask me to marry."

"I meant to," said Dick.

"Did you? I thought you did once."

"But after that?" he asked.

She said, "I didn't want to seem old, and there isn't any way to appear older for a girl than to hang around people younger than herself. So I picked older men, married men. You know what I did. And at last I thought I'd marry one. He was old but honorable and gallant. It seemed enough and wasn't. So I'm not going to marry him. I'll stay at home for a while and then go away."

"And what am I to do?" he asked.

"Get married. It's different with you."

"It's not. It's very queer, Susan. You explain a lot of things I've pretended weren't true. The same thing happened to me. I wanted to get married when the rest did. But I didn't. I suppose, if I could get back to the truth, it was you who stopped me. And then I felt out of it, and I didn't want to get old. But what I wanted all the time was a home, like the men my own age, and the children's teeth to be straightened."

"A place without orchestra music," she said, "and

meals that aren't always good. And a frightful worry about rust on snapdragons, or whooping cough."

"Susan, we aren't old," he said. "We still could have all that."

"You've got your Mary Faith."

He had. For she came looking for him just then, and on her young face was an expression of rescue when she saw him talking to such old people and being stuck like that. She smiled and raised a beckoning eyebrow, and he left Susan and went to her.

"What are you doing up here?" she asked. "It's such grand music."

"Just talking to some friends of mine. I want you to meet them."

"Must I?" She pouted a little. "We haven't anything in common."

He saw all at once what he must do. She wouldn't let him go if she wanted him. He must make her not want him—a thing he had never done yet to a girl deliberately.

"Well," he said, "they're the people we'll see a lot of when we're married, of course."

"Those people? Why, Dick, they're all as old as the hills!"

"Just about my age. I think I'll have Jack Keating for our best man. And Sam must usher, of course."

"At our wedding!"

"Oh, I'd have to. I was best man at their weddings. He's the one I've had in mind all along. You'll like them when you know them. We'll see a lot of them."

Mary Faith was looking at the group of people. She saw Anne Keating's accented second chin and the way Dora's hair had been brightened. She saw the men's mature faces.

"But I won't know them! I don't want to." She muttered in sudden passion, "I'm marrying you, not them."

"It's the same thing, in a way," he said.

He looked at Susan's pale face, so sweet in spite of its amusement, almost wistful. He had a shock of desire and hope that he hadn't felt in years. Somehow he'd make her happy. And suddenly he felt young, at the beginning of everything.

Mary Faith went out of the room very tempestuously. He felt sure she had gone permanently, as far as life with him was concerned. He had to follow, to say good-by at least; but before he did he stopped to speak to Susan.

"I'm going to have a girl my own size," he said. "You watch!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

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We're speaking of that lovely new permanent wave, of course—and we're thinking of the havoc that the coming months can play with it. Sun, wind and water all conspire to dry the hair, rob it of its lustre and the natural appearance of the wave. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the answer. A very little of the Tonic rubbed between the palms of the hands and patted on the hair before setting will do wonders to restore the sheen, keep the hair soft. In addition, precede each weekly shampoo with a liberal 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage. Given regularly, these treatments will see your permanent through the summer with flying colors, and keep your scalp and hair in excellent condition. Get a bottle at any drug or department store. In shaker-top bottles at 40c and 70c.

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BIG LEAGUE STUFF

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Manager McGraw and Matty in 1915

A Series of Final Revelations by

JOHN J. McGRAW

Manager of the New York Giants, 1902-1932

Matty the Great—"That Three-Fingered Bird, Brown"—Drummed Out of the League—Did the Giants "Buy Pennants"?

AWILY, scrappy manager in the "good old days" of inside baseball could use artifice to rouse his players to win. How it was done the late John J. McGraw disclosed in last week's installment of Big League Stuff.

"McGraw rowdyism," so called, was the artifice he sometimes resorted to. One hot day in Cincinnati, when both teams were listless and the umpire, Bill Byron, was impartially giving bad decisions, McGraw gingered up the game and put pep in the Giants by grabbing and smashing Bill's watch. The next day he bought him a better one.

He declares that George Stallings took a leaf out of his book before the opening game of the World's Series of 1914, when Manager Stallings had the Braves assembled outside a phone booth and let them overhear his end of a fighting talk with Connie Mack. It roused them; they won the series—not knowing that their manager had been phoning with the receiver hook held down!

In 1904, as McGraw recalled, he himself took advantage of a superstition of ball players and, by means of a hired load of empty barrels, broke a midseason batting slump.

He told in detail the inside story of Charlie Faust, that clowning Kansas farm boy who as mascot and jinx killer did the Giants of 1911 such yeoman service. He also, for good measure, divulged a few secrets about the old-time practises of "doping" the base lines and soaping the dirt around the pitcher's box.

PART THREE—BRAINS IN THE BOX

THERE is probably no more convincing exhibition of the power of mind over matter than can be found in baseball. That's what made Christy Mathewson the greatest pitcher the game has ever known—so far ahead of the modern crop that there is no comparison.

Probably the two greatest successes in the development of ball players that I have ever achieved came when I converted a pitcher into a first baseman and when I changed a first baseman into a pitcher. The pitcher I changed into a first baseman was Bill Terry. The player I yanked off first base and sent back to his trade of pitching was none other than Mathewson.

When I reported to the Giants as manager in July, 1902, I found Mathewson trying to play first base and the Giants in last place. Mathewson had been a pitcher at Bucknell College and for one season, in 1900, with the Norfolk club of the Virginia League. But Horace Fogel, then manager of the Giants, had been instructed by Andrew Freedman, then owner, to play Mathewson on first base because of his size. I soon put a stop to that and to Mr. Freedman's dictation. I insisted on picking my own players and being in full control of the team, and during the thirty years that followed I always was.

I put Mathewson back at his trade—pitching. That year he won only thirteen games and lost eighteen; but Mathewson was a natural student. Together we made a study of the batting weaknesses of the opposing players in the league, and in the three following years he won thirty or more games each season. In 1908 he won the tremendous total of thirty-seven ball games, and his average for twelve consecutive years in the big league was twenty-seven victories a season—the only pitcher in baseball history to accomplish such a feat. In the World's Series of 1905 against the Athletics he pitched three consecutive shut-out games, in all of which he yielded only fourteen hits and gave only one base on balls—the supreme classic of all World's Series' pitching.

In my opinion baseball will never see another pitcher like Mathewson. Brains? Here's an example:

One day in the memorable season of 1908 we were playing the Cubs in Chicago, and Mathewson was all snarled up in one of his famous pitching duels with Mordecai Brown. They hadn't been able to do a thing against Mathewson's pitching, and we had done little better against Brown. We were leading 1 to 0 when we took the field for the last half of the ninth inning.

Frank Chance pushed a base hit into right field. Steinfeldt then slammed one to the fence for a three-base hit that scored Chance with the tying run and left the winning run on third with nobody out. That Chicago crowd

U. & U. News photos

The Giants of 1903. Left to right, sitting: Mertes, McGinnity, McGann, Warner, Manager McGraw, Ames, Bowerman, Gilbert, and Marshall. Standing: Bresnahan, Wiltse, Taylor, Browne, Devlin, Dunn, McCormick, and—the man in the white cap. Can you name him? Old-timers have been in doubt about his identity. Does he look to you like Matty?

was on its feet, yelling its head off; hats and cushions rained out on the playing field. If there ever was a situation in which a pitcher should lose his mental equilibrium that was it.

Up at the bat was Artie Hoffman, a dangerous hitter. Standing beside the plate, ready to follow Hoffman, was Joe Tinker, one of the most difficult hitters in the National League for Mathewson to pitch to.

Matty considered the situation. The run that was on third base, if it scored, would win the game for the Cubs anyway, so we would be no worse off with two more runners on the bases. Matty then deliberately walked both Hoffman and Tinker, purposely filling the bases with none out. Then he proceeded to strike out Kling and Brown in succession and caused Johnny Evers to send an easy fly to the outfield that ended the inning without further scoring. We then scored three runs in the eleventh inning and won the ball game 4 to 1.

Mathewson wasn't a strike-out pitcher. His sole object was to win the ball game for you, and he seldom showed opposing hitters all his stuff until they had men on the bases in position to score. He holds all records for leaving men on the bases.

One day in Cincinnati Matty made one of his very rare mistakes. We were ahead 5 to 1 at the beginning of the seventh inning and Matty was loafing along behind this lead as he always did. His opponents getting a few men on the bases never worried him.

IN the last half of the seventh Cincinnati filled the bases, with Mike Mitchell at bat. Matty gave him too good a ball, and Mike whaled it for a three-base hit that scored three runs, and then scored himself with the tying run on a sacrifice fly. I knew Matty wasn't exactly "right," but I didn't take him out even for a pinch hitter.

The score was still tied going into the ninth, and we failed to score in our half of the inning. A run for the Reds would win for them in their half. The first man up got on, stole second, then went to third on a sacrifice bunt—a man on third with only one out. Clark Griffith, then manager of Cincinnati, started yelling at Matty from the first-base coaching line:

"Now, you big blond, here's where we get you! Here's where we knock you out from under your cap!"

MATTY tried to get the next batter to hit at bad balls and walked him. This convinced me that he wasn't his usual self—but still I left him in. Dick Hoblitzell and Mike Mitchell were the next hitters; both were dangerous men in a pinch, and Mitchell had already hit Matty for a triple with the bases loaded.

"You ought to be up now, Mike!" yelled Griffith at Mitchell. "Look what you did to this big blond before!"

I always forbade my pitchers to talk back to coachers, but this time Matty broke the rule.

"All right," he said to Griffith. "I'll bring Mike up and we'll see what he can do!"

He deliberately pitched four wide ones to Hoblitzell, filling the bases—and then he struck out Mitchell. The next batter was an easy out, retiring the side. We won in the tenth inning.

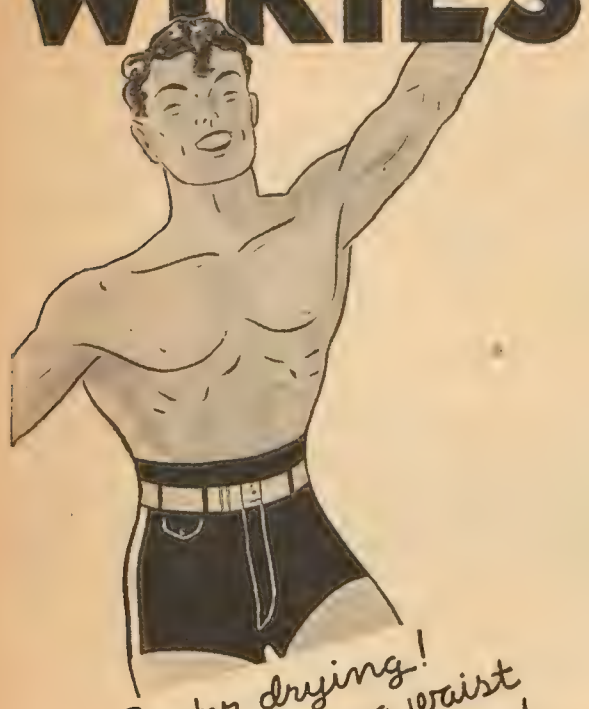
Carl Hubbell is a great pitcher today. So is Lefty Grove. But the pitcher who ranks next to Mathewson in my estimation is Mordecai Brown of Chance's old Chicago Cubs—the pitcher who was the principal factor in winning four pennants and two world's championships for that team.

Brown had remarkable control of the best curve ball the game has ever known, and along with that he had every other pitching asset.

It was a physical deformity that gave him his great curve ball. When a boy he had lost much of the first finger of his right hand. He threw his curve with the two middle fingers, the short stump of that first finger being used to give the ball a spin no other pitcher could impart.

Mordecai Brown of the Cubs, second only, in McGraw's opinion, to Matty as the greatest pitcher in history.

GANTNER 1934
WIKIES



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One day after he had made my best hitters look foolish, I told my pitching staff: "Listen, you guys! If that three-fingered bird keeps on pitching like that against us I'm going to call a surgeon out here to operate on the first finger of every pitcher on my ball club!"

In those days a pitcher not only had to face the opposing hitters but he had to stand for more verbal abuse from the coaching lines than is the case today. It was a part of the game to find some way to get under the pitcher's skin with something of a private nature.

On one occasion a young pitcher beat us out of a pennant with a sensational performance that earned him the nickname of "Giant Killer"; then he suddenly lost his effectiveness and disappeared from the league, and everybody wondered why. This is the story I promised in last week's issue to tell and here it is:

In the fall of 1908 we were thundering down the stretch neck and neck with the Cubs and Pirates. One victory meant the difference between winning the pennant and finishing in third place—that's how close it was. In September we had a series of five games to play in Philadelphia and the Phillies were going nowhere. We counted those games as good as won. The Phillies had just brought up a young left-hand pitcher named Coveleski from the Lancaster team of the Tri-State League. He hadn't pitched a game against big league hitters. When they started him against us we counted our World's Series money as already in the bank.

But this pesky Coveleski person made his big league début by beating us three games in that series—any one of which would have given us the pennant.

AT the big league meeting that winter I met "Tacks" Ashenbach, then scouting for Cincinnati but formerly manager of a team in the Tri-State League. Tacks came up to me laughing.

"Mac," he said, "I'm surprised you let that big Pole beat you out of a championship."

"Well," I said, "I wish you'd tell me how we could stop him. God knows my hitters can't do it!"

"I can give you the prescription to use on him, all right," said Ashenbach. "Any time he works against you all you have to do is to imitate a snare drum."

"What are you trying to do—kid me?" I demanded.

"No, on the level, Mac," he said. "Just try it."

He didn't tell me why and I didn't bother to ask him. But the first time Coveleski started against us the following spring I thought about what Ashenbach had said. Anyway, we couldn't be made to look any more foolish than he had made us look in that September series.

I was coaching at third and Arlie Latham at first. As Coveleski wound up to pitch the first ball I suddenly shouted, "Ta-rat-a-tat-tat! Ta-rat-a-tat-tat!"—that being my idea of how to imitate a snare drum. Coveleski hesitated and looked my way, his face showing extreme surprise. I made motions as though I were beating a snare drum and started marching up and down the coaching line. The crowd must have thought I was crazy—but the first ball Coveleski pitched hit the dirt in front of the plate.

Naturally I kept it up, "Ta-rat-a-tat-tat! Ta-rat-a-tat-tat!" Over on the bench I could see my players pointing toward me and laughing. I guess they also thought I had gone crazy, as I hadn't told them. It had all seemed so silly I had been afraid to; I didn't want to be kidded by my own ball club.

As I continued Coveleski grew wilder and wilder. Then Arlie Latham took the cue and started in with a better snare-drum imitation than mine. Before the inning had ended we had scored three runs. After the inning was over Coveleski looked at me and said, "You think you're smart, don't you?"

ON the bench the players wanted to know what it was all about and I told them what Tacks had told me.

For the balance of that ball game the crowd must have thought my whole ball club had gone crazy, for every player on the bench was beating on imaginary snare drums and shouting "Rat-a-tat-tat!" while Latham and I were marching along the coaching lines doing it.

In the fourth inning, after he had hopelessly lost the game, the Phillies had to take Coveleski out—and the "Giant Killer" who had beaten us out of a pennant never won another game against the Giants.

Later in the season, in Cincinnati, I met Tacks. "Say," I said to him, "why does that snare-drum thing get Coveleski's goat, and why in hell didn't you tell me before he beat us out of the pennant?"

"Never thought of it," Tacks said. "Just happened to be telling stories about the old days in the Tri-State one day last winter when that weakness of Coveleski's came up. I thought maybe he might be cured."

"Cured, hell!" I said. "He couldn't be cured of that. But tip me off—what is it?"

"Well, this is the way I heard it," replied Ashenbach. "When he was a coal miner back in Shamokin, Pennsylvania, Coveleski got stuck on some jane who was a nut on music. Everybody who amounted to anything up there played in the Silver Cornet Band down in Melodeon Hall on Thursday nights. The girl told Covey he couldn't come around unless he broke into the band. He didn't know anything about music, but he picked on the snare drum and started to practice. The bandmaster wanted to make as big a showing as possible at the annual concert, so he let Covey join the band for that occasion.

"Things went along all right till it came time for Covey to do a little solo

on the snare drum. Then he missed his signal entirely. He didn't even swing at it. But later, when the leader waved for a solo from the fiddle, Covey mistook it for his hit-and-run sign and came in strong. It broke up the band, and the girl was so mortified that she asked for waivers on Coveleski. That snare-drum thing has been a sore spot with him ever since."

The sequel to this story is that the Phillies then traded Coveleski to Cincinnati—the club that Ashenbach worked for—and Tacks had forgotten to tell his manager about the snare-drum thing. We proceeded to "ta-rat-a-tat-tat" Coveleski out of every ball game he started against us after he joined Cincinnati.

One day our snare-drum chorus was being interrupted only by the crash of Giant bats against the ball. Coveleski looked in to the bench to see if Griffith wouldn't take him out.

"Stay in there and take it, you big bum!" shouted Griff.

Coveleski did. He took nineteen hits and seventeen runs from the team he had beaten out of a pennant. That night Griffith asked for waivers on him and sent him back to the minors.

THAT was an example of the power of mind over matter with reverse English. Coveleski had all the physical qualifications of a great pitcher, but like Achilles he had one vulnerable spot. He came back into the big leagues later with the Detroit club and pitched good ball, but by that time he had lived down his weakness.

While baseball has changed from what it used to be, human nature remains pretty much the same. I will always think that it was a mental suggestion made by one of our players to a Washington batter at a crucial stage of the World's Series last fall that played an important part in turning the tide of battle and winning the world's championship for the Giants.

They had won two games and Washington one. The fourth, played in Washington, was the key game of the series. The score was tied 1 to 1 at the end of the ninth, with Monte Weaver giving Hubbell a terrific battle. In the first half of the eleventh, Jackson beat out a bunt and Mancuso sacrificed. Blondy Ryan, who had struck out previously with the bases full, then shot a base hit into left field that scored Jackson, giving us a one-run lead.

But Fred Schulte opened the last of the eleventh for Washington by hitting Hubbell for a base hit. Kuhel bunted down the first base line and was safe when Terry let the ball roll, thinking it would roll foul. Bluege sacrificed and then Hubbell purposely passed Luke Sewell, filling the bases with only one out.

Cronin sent Cliff Bolton in to hit for his pitcher. A hit would win for Washington. A long fly would tie the score. At this stage—in this critical situation—Blondy Ryan started yelling to Hubbell.

"Make him hit it to me, Carl!" he yelled, so the batter could hear it, "and we'll end this game with a double play. Make him hit it to me!"

He kept repeating it, forcing it on the mind of the batter, until Hubbell had pitched. And that's just what Bolton did: he hit the ball on the ground to Ryan. The completed double play probably saved the World's Series for the Giants, and what caused it was the mental suggestion made to the batter by Blondy Ryan.

Roger Bresnahan was a past master of mental suggestion, always talking to the batter and getting him to do the very thing he wanted most not to do.

A great pitcher we beat consistently in his best years was Alexander when he was with the Phillies, and we did it by suggestion. You could make him mad and he would talk back to you. I would talk to him from the third-base coaching line, and I would pass him on his way to the mound as we came to bat and engage him in verbal warfare—some of my remarks to him being of an unprintable nature. Alex would immediately lose his temper and start talking back. Then he'd begin to steam 'em in—and I had a ball club that liked speed. I think we beat Alex six or eight times the year he pitched fifteen shutouts—the league record.

These are little *(Continued on page thirty-four)*

THIS SPRING

GO Fortune

WHEREVER you go this Spring — add to your wardrobe the smart distinction of the Fortune Shoe. At your Fortune dealer's you'll find a Fortune Sport Shoe for every occasion. Cool, ventilated whites for Summer comfort . . . other patterns in solid and combination colors. There's a new life and zest to the new Fortunes — and their modest price of $4 and $5 offers you a substantial savings. Go to your Fortune dealer's today and select two pairs. Richland Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee, a division of General Shoe Corporation.

TESTED QUALITY

FORTUNE

$4 SHOES $5

We shipped GRANITE made GRINDSTONES to

How car-makers put a tough problem up to tire-builders — and Goodyear engineers built a broader, flatter, huskier tire that "keeps its grip" 43% longer!

(A lengthy advertisement but if you buy tires it will pay you to read it)

YOU should have seen them when the reports started filtering in—the development engineers, trouble-shooters, calender-room men, executive staff and all.

After a little it had them sleepless with worry and bafflement.

Far-scattered Goodyear salesmen, who also serve as "performance detectives" in the field, picked it up first.

Some time ago their reports began to read like this:

"Something funny out here, something happening to tire treads. Not just competitive tires, even ours. They don't seem to wear as long as they did before."

That was the beginning. It grew. It started an upheaval in the Goodyear plants that involved everybody from the president down to the pitmen, and didn't settle down until many months later.

But when it did settle down Goodyear had the answer. What's more, it had embodied that answer in tires being shipped to dealers—astonishing tires, tires that so far outranged competitors' or any others that Goodyear had ever produced it was amazing.

We call those new tires now by the name they had in the plant—"G-3".

Here's what you get in Goodyear's new "G-3"!

You get the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather Tread.

You get quicker-stopping and the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center.

You get the easy steering and smooth travel of wider riding-ribs.

You get the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs.

You get more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire.

—all of which adds up to

43% MORE NON-SKID MILEAGE at no extra cost to you!

. . . it keeps the blocks in the center of the tread". . . examining the contact of "G-3" under pressure through glass "window"

P. W. LITCHFIELD
President, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc.

"Lick it!" was the order

One strange thing about those reports, as they filtered in from east to west, from south to north—there didn't seem to be any explanation as to why they came from certain places.

Carolina, for instance, vacation spot of the east, with its scenic stretches of broad, smooth highways—Arizona, where towns are far between and cars travel without slacking speed hour after hour—California, with one of the finest highway systems in the world.

The whole thing was stubbornly puzzling—didn't seem reasonable.

Here were tires, ours as well as other makers', that up to then had been giving satisfactory mileages, all of a sudden wearing too fast in the tread.

We thought first something had slipped in our inspection system. Checked that, found it okeh. Maybe a batch of bad rubber got through. Checked that, nothing there.

We put in a complete new control system in the calender-room and other parts of the plant. It cost thousands and didn't help.

Finally, the real cause was ferreted out.

It wasn't the tires that were at fault. They were as good as ever. It was the new, modern cars!

Each new year, cars were stepping up in power—stepping up in speed—stepping up in getaway—equipping with stronger brakes. Tires couldn't stand the gaff as they once did. And that was serious. With higher speeds—faster getaway—crowded traffic—tires need to *keep their grip* more than ever before.

Then the Chief got mad

The orders that came through then fairly smoked. You couldn't mistake their meaning. All the preliminary work was junked, and we started over.

We started on "G-3".

The first step had been to get soil samples from the trouble centers—where some strange freak of nature made the tiny grains of grit even in fine concrete roads so razor sharp that tires wear out twice as fast as they do on ordinary highways.

Then this grit—the fastest-cutting in the country—was made into special sandpaper, mounted on high-speed flywheels, used as "grindstones" to test the wear-resistance of tread designs.

We tried different placements of non-skid blocks, different sized blocks, different rubber compounds, different cross-section profiles.

Then we took the tread which stood up longer than any other, and "gave it the works" out on the road. Months of ordinary driving couldn't wear it out—so the test fleet got this order:

"Run 24 hours a day, in shifts of drivers, speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—and keep that up day in and day out right around the clock!"

The test cars couldn't take it

Under that awful strain the tires stood up but the cars broke down. We tried 600 miles a day stopping every 2 miles. Too strong still, so we tried it stopping every five miles.

The cars still gave some trouble but we kept them at it. Brakes had to be adjusted every 8 hours, relined completely every 72.

But *the new-design, flat-arc tread, tough-fibred Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather stood up, and kept on standing up!*

They *outran any previous Goodyear All-Weather and kept their grip twice as long as any other well-known make of tire tested!*

GRIT, from Carolina, and TEST TIRES *then we built the NEW "G3"*

"Run 24 hours . . . speed up to 50, then jam on the brakes . . . and keep it up day and night"

We knew we had something, but we wanted to make doubly sure.

So months ago we started feeding these new "G-3" All-Weathers out to our dealers, in a few sizes. We didn't announce these new tires. We wanted a test *by the public* in advance.

Month after month has gone by. Everywhere the same result, no trouble. The tires have made good with a vengeance. The trouble slate is clean!

You can get the "G-3" now

There's a Goodyear Dealer near you with this amazing new tire in stock in your size.

When you examine it, you will find that it keeps the famous All-Weather blocks *in the center of the tread* – where you need them more than ever before for *quick-stopping safety.*

It would have been far easier for us to follow standard practice and replace *grip* in the center of the tread with smooth running-ribs.

But Goodyear refused to compromise with safety. On smooth highways, you need *grip* on your tires. For the sake of safety, your tires must bite and hold – or powerful brakes are useless. As roads get better and cars get faster – traction becomes more vital than ever before. Modern tires for modern cars. *So the "G-3" keeps the world's best known safety tread, but makes it even better.*

Those non-skid blocks are nested closer – *there are 16% more blocks on the tread.*

And *the tread is broader by 5½% – the tread is flatter – the riding ribs are 11½% wider – the grooves are narrower* – all of which helps to fortify the tire and eliminate "squirming" under pressure, a common cause of wear.

Such a design puts an extra strain on the sidewalls – but Goodyear was ready for that. It has a patented advantage, something no other tire-maker can use.

In the extra-durable, extra-elastic Supertwist cord carcass it has a tire-body that can easily stand the extra strain.

This new "G-3" All-Weather is the first time that full advantage has ever been taken of the super-strength of this matchless carcass.

Adding it all up, here's what you get when you buy the new "G-3":

You get a tire that averages *more than 43% longer non-skid tread design wear.*

You get a tire on which "cupping" or "heel-and-toe" wear on the non-skid blocks *is cut down 50%.*

You get a tire with *16% more non-skid blocks on the tread for better traction and greater safety.*

And the best news is saved till the last.

Despite the fact that this tire costs more to build, you get all these things in the new "G-3" All-Weather tire at no extra cost!

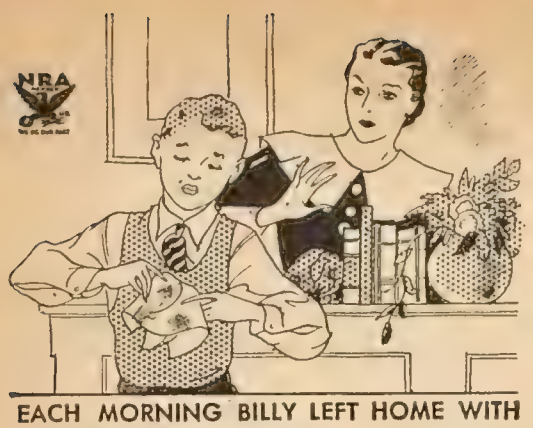
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.,
AKRON, OHIO

Old tire (left) and new tire (right) showing comparative wear after same mileage. Cross sections and tread imprints show why "G-3" tire gives greater mileage: because it has wider tread and more blocks of rubber in contact with the road

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



EACH MORNING BILLY LEFT HOME WITH A CLEAN HANDKERCHIEF . . . . BUT BY THE TIME THE TEACHER SAW IT, IT WAS INDESCRIBABLE

THEN ONE DAY THE TEACHER NOTICED THAT ALL THE CHILDREN NEXT TO BILLY HAD A COLD WHENEVER HE HAD ONE

ONE DAY THE TEACHER GAVE BILLY SOME KLEENEX

HE TOOK SOME HOME TO MOTHER THAT NIGHT AND SHE CAUGHT THE HINT

NOW BILLY CARRIES NO MORE REVOLTING HANDKERCHIEFS, AND THE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL ARE SAFE

Perhaps your *child is offending with dirty handkerchiefs*

Now 18c
2 for 35c

KLEENEX
Disposable Tissues
ARE CLEAN . . . SANITARY

(Continued from page thirty-one)

artifices that the crowd doesn't see from the grandstand but that sometimes win ball games. For this reason I have always insisted on having ball players who were unemotional but who could arouse the emotions of their opponents and the crowd. The temperament of a ball player—particularly a pitcher—is as important as his physical ability.

It used to be said that "the Giants buy their pennants," but the charge was unwarranted. Never have I had any success with a team composed of stars obtained from other big league ball clubs. Look back over those ten championship teams of mine and you will find that, with a single exception, they were composed of players I had brought up from the minor leagues and were just "good ball players." Barring that single exception, you can't pick out any one of those championship Giant teams and say that, aside from the pitchers, the individual efforts of any player or group of players were instrumental in winning a pennant—players like Ruth and Gehrig of the Yankees; Simmons, Foxx, Cochrane, Grove, and Earnshaw of the 1929, '30, and '31 Athletics; and other teams of this age of individuality in baseball. Even the Giants that won the pennant and world's championship last fall were a team without outstanding individual stars, outside the pitchers—that's why they were overlooked in all the advance predictions.

The single exception in which I won a pennant with a team of star players obtained from other big league clubs was in 1917—and that team didn't last long with me. In expressive but inelegant language it gave me a bellyful of individual stars.

Having finished last for the only time in my managerial career with the Giants in 1915, the year in which the Phillies won their only pennant, in midseason of 1916 I ripped my ball club to pieces and built a new team of players secured by purchase and trade from other big league clubs. I traded horses in midstream. Then we started on a winning streak and came into the final series of the season against Brooklyn with a world's record of twenty-six consecutive victories.

Brooklyn was leading the Phillies for the pennant by two games. If we continued our sensational winning streak and beat the Dodgers in this series, the Phillies would probably win the pennant, as they were finishing the season in a four-game series against Boston in Philadelphia. It looked like a cinch for them.

Then the thing happened. We opened with the Dodgers in Brooklyn on October 3, and my whole infield immediately began to kick the ball around and play the most inefficient baseball any big league club has ever shown—and, mind you, this was the club that had just won twenty-six consecutive games. I tried to get it in hand, but these "stars" wouldn't listen to me. I knew that something was wrong; my players weren't trying. In the middle of that opening game I got up and left the bench—deserted my ball club, as I didn't want to be a party to what was going on. That team finished the season without a manager and Brooklyn won the pennant.

I won the National League pennant with that team the following year, 1917; then it got out of my control again with some questionable practices in the World's Series against the White Sox.

That was the toughest season I ever put in on the bench. I much prefer to think back to the thrilling, fighting, daring days in which Frank Chance, Fred Clarke, and myself used to come swashbuckling down the stretch each year locked in a three-cornered battle for the National League pennant.

For thirteen consecutive years the three of us fought out every pennant in the league, with the other two right on the heels of the winner.

With John J. McGraw's electrifying memories—inside stuff, hitherto withheld—of those riproaring, neck-and-neck pennant races, this memorable series will be concluded in Liberty next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Where is the largest telescope in the world?
2—What does primogeniture mean?
3—Where is the Mayo brothers' clinic located?
4—In which countries is there a Don River?
5—Who is the author of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?
6—Where did the Pilgrims first land in America?
7—Had any United States Constitutional Amendment ever been repealed before the Eighteenth?
8—What cities are the capitals of the Netherlands?
9—Which is the oldest city in the United States?
10—What do the initials I. W. W. mean?
11—What is acetylene?
12—Who said "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"?
13—What Italian navigator claimed to have discovered America before Columbus?
14—How long does Lent last?
15—Where is Napoleon I buried?
16—What is the difference between a socialist and a communist?
17—Where is the largest cavern in the United States located?
18—Which nations fought the Battle of Mukden?
19—Who wrote Treasure Island?
20—What is jaconet?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

STUNTS

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by LEROY CHARLES FLEISCHER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MYRTLE stood fearfully in the midst of the howling crowd that had paid five dollars a head to get the thrill of its life—and was getting it! The man on the wing of the plane that swooped up and down over the field was standing on his head, now he was balancing on one foot, now he was hanging by his toes. The crowd cheered. Myrtle almost fainted. The man on the wing was her husband.

A week later, with her heart still feeble from the experience, she was in the mob that filled the gorge below the mad tumbling waters of Death Mountain Falls. She was watching the pompous fat officials on the precipice above place a man in an air-tight barrel. And again the man was her husband.

"There's nothing to worry about," he had told her that morning. "Stunts are meat for me. They're an easy living."

"Yes—I know," she had apologetically scolded. "But it does seem, George, that you could get something more conservative."

"Conservative! Ye gods!" George had laughed at her fears. "Listen, dear. My life is as safe as insurance. I don't risk my neck—ever!"

Risk his neck? That was exactly what the woman behind Myrtle was now accusing him of doing!

Myrtle pressed forward. She closed her eyes as the barrel was sealed and tossed into the savage rapids and bobbed toward the brink. She opened her dry mouth and let out her soul as she saw the barrel drop—drop like a rock into the hungry, greedy pit of foaming water. She grabbed the arm of the man next to her as the barrel disappeared—then appeared and was pulled to the shore. She watched breathlessly as the officials snapped open the lid and George stepped out, unharmed, to receive the plaudits of the mob and one thousand dollars. She was weak from the suspense.

"We now have enough to live on for a year," she begged that evening. "We needn't do these horrible stunts. We can go away and rest. George dear, I'm tired!"

"Tired? You? Well, I'll be damned! Anybody would think that it was you and not me who went over the falls!" He noticed the worn look in her face and became sympathetic. "I'll get you a maid," he promised, "—and a chauffeur, too. And we'll take a grand vacation in Europe after we've cleaned up on the Berlin Fair, the carnival at Hampden, the—"

"George! I want you to give it up!"

He smiled and kissed her lips.

The following week, she was gripping the rail of the band stand at the Berlin Fair and watching the man in the pink tights climb the perilous ladder and prepare for the flaming dive into the insignificant tub at the bottom.

"A guy at the Elks' carnival missed the tub," moaned a girl from behind. "It was awful! Honest, Edna, it was! He hit the rim, and the blood spattered—"

Myrtle hurriedly left the stand to spare herself the gruesome details. She buried her head in her hands to keep out the sight of blood. She heard the shiver of the crowd as the man leaped—the splash of the water—Then, after an endless unbearable pause, she heard the applause and knew that it was over. George was bowing.

She doubted her strength to endure the strain of another feat. She was exhausted. The next time she would stay home. And the next time, she discovered that if anything happened she wanted to be near him. At home she would worry, pace the floor, call up the hospitals— No; she had to see—

And she saw! She was in the thrill-seeking crowd on the rim of a dizzy ravine across which stretched a thin threadlike pipe. In another second George would step on to the pipe and balance his way from the opposite side toward her—no, not *toward* but *to*. She was positive that he would make it! George was so sure of himself.

"That's when they always get it!" her father had warned. "When they're sure! They get careless."

SHE peered down into the black depths of the ravine to the swordlike rocks, five hundred feet below, which would gore a man and spear him to the earth. One slip, one misplaced foot, and George—her George—!

She saw him remove his spangled cloak and wave to her from the other side. It was the wave of a man who was about to die! It was a death wave! She was conscious of his moving forward as a tree moves into a speeding automobile and confronts the driver with a sickening suddenness! George was moving! His face was white. He was moving toward her! His eyes were pale.

"George!" she yelled. "George! I won't let you!"

She intended to stop him. She must stop him! It was suicide! She would not let him throw away his life. He was all that she had—all that mattered! Her love, her life. To hell with the crowd! In her fear-created trance, in her semiconsciousness, she was swearing.

"George! You can't! I won't let you!" She looked up into his sweating face, his red aghast eyes.

"You can't walk that pipe!" she pleaded. "You mustn't—for me!"

He was holding her in his arms, crying like a baby. "You win, dear," he quavered. "We'll take that vacation. I didn't realize how you had suffered until I saw you—"

"Saw me?" She wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Yes—saw you walking the pipe."

"Me?" She stared at him, stupefied. Then she glanced back at the cheering blood-hungry crowd, and down into the black hazardous ravine which she had crossed—which she *must* have crossed—to get to him! And she fainted.

THE END

MEDICAL, MUSICAL,

Miss Loy and Mr. Gable in Sterilized Atmosphere, a Radio Comedy with Messrs. Ross and Ruggles, a Society Parlor-Problem Play, and Mr. Barthelmess Under the "Big Top"

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good. **3 stars, excellent.**
2 stars, good. **4 stars, extraordinary.**

★★★ MEN IN WHITE

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, Elizabeth Allan, Otto Kruger, C. Henry Gordon, Russell Hardie, Wallace Ford, Henry B. Walthall, and others. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky.

THE incompatibility of the medical profession with marriage is a theme which has interested the movies frequently in the past. Arrowsmith handled the matter so far as this department was concerned about as well as possible. Men in White discusses it in terms of fairly trivial superficialities, such as the fact that the heroine gets angry when the hero breaks a date. It manages none the less to be a reasonably exciting picture and an honest investigation of a difficult and interesting predicament.

The situation briefly is that of a talented young doctor (Clark Gable) in love with a girl (Myrna Loy) who feels that his career is likely to spoil their marriage. She hopes that instead of studying with a celebrated specialist (Jean Hersholt), as he has intended to do, he will take the less arduous course of going into practice for himself. It takes Gable's tragic romance with a nurse (Elizabeth Allan) and the alarming experience of watching him perform an operation to convince Myrna Loy of several things which—being apparently an alert and intelligent young woman—she might have been able to guess before the picture started.

What gives Men in White its character and importance as a picture is the background. The hospital in Men in White—a characteristically excellent job of scenic designing by Cedric Gibbons—is much more than a well planned and well photographed interior. Its bare rooms and stairways, its operating theaters and elaborately sterile corridors, become an important part of the production, dominating the story and giving its characters the insignificance it is the purpose of the narrative to show.

Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan, principals in the tragic romance which is a feature of Men in White.

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy make a fine team; the rest of the cast is up to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's expensive standard. Good shot: Gable digesting the news that one of his patients has just died—which means that he can leave the hospital to see his girl.

★★½ MELODY IN SPRING

THE PLAYERS: Lanny Ross, Ann Sothern, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, George Meeker, and others. Directed by Norman MacLeod.

APPARENTLY determined to corner the market on radio singers, Paramount has had time to learn from its experiences with Kate Smith and, more lately and successfully, Bing Crosby the best ways of

Melody in Spring, another radio-singer film, has Lanny Ross, shown with Ann Sothern, as its hero.

transposing such personalities from the microphone to the screen. The story of Melody in Spring, for instance, is exactly what it should be: one that calls for Lanny Ross, the star, to impersonate a character whose activities in the picture are so much like his own in real life that the audience feels that he will need to do no acting at all.

Ross's rôle—that of a radio tenor trying to get the president of a dog-biscuit company to give him a spot on the air—is outlined against a background of first-rate comedy by Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. Ruggles is a connoisseur of bedpost knobs and similar humble curios. Ross's hobby is climbing mountains and writing his name on the peaks. Presently the course of Ross's romance with Ann Sothern—as the daughter of the dog-biscuit manufacturer—brings the party to Switzerland, where Ruggles steals a cowbell and goes to jail. Ross tries to get him out by singing, and goes to jail himself.

There is nothing very startling about these developments, but strung together smoothly, based on Frank Leon Smith's story, The Bells of Waldenbruck, which appeared in Liberty, they make an entertaining picture and one which may presently cause Lanny Ross, like Bing Crosby, to be a name as useful on a box office as it is on a broadcast.

MARITAL

by BEVERLY HILLS

★★½ RIPTIDE

THE PLAYERS: Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Skeets Gallagher, Ralph Forbes, Lilyan Tashman, Arthur Jarrett, Halliwell Hobbes, and others. Directed by Edmund Goulding.

THIS is the one about Lord and Lady Rexford and Tommy Trent. Lord Rexford (Herbert Marshall) is the kind of Englishman who, when he picks up his three-year-old daughter, expresses his paternal feelings by saying, "What a very red little rose." Tommy Trent (Robert Montgomery) is the kind of American who lives in Cannes, has a comic Negro valet called Slick, and uses his tail coat for a bathing suit. Lady Rexford

Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer in a scene from Riptide, a picture of society's triangle troubles.

(Norma Shearer) is the kind of lady needed to complete a triangle of this kind, which means that Lord Rexford has married her somewhat against his better judgment and is only too ready to believe the worst when, on a trip to America, he reads stories in the paper about how Trent has fallen off a balcony outside her room. The triangle produces, for better or for worse, a double-barreled, high-pressure parlor-problem play.

All this may sound like a needlessly surly review of what is, after all, a well dressed and not particularly ambitious picture. Riptide will undoubtedly become, and perhaps deserves to be, a popular example of its class. It only seems unfortunate that some one who knows more about writing light dialogue than Edmund Goulding was not assigned to do so in this case, and that the effort to establish Robert Montgomery as a light-hearted and witty young playboy did not oblige him to spout to Norma Shearer such lines as "Mary, Mary, you old horse's anatomy, I'm so glad to see you."

Without the services of the three best drawing-room comedy actors in Hollywood, in addition to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who handles a bit part as Lord Rexford's aunt with the energy of an aristocratic Marie Dressler, Riptide would be merely a lavender-scented nuisance. As it is, it is an amiable, entertaining disappointment.

Richard Barthelmess and Jean Muir in A Modern Hero, which concerns itself with life under the "big top."

★½ A MODERN HERO

THE PLAYERS: Richard Barthelmess, Jean Muir, Dorothy Burgess, Marjorie Rambeau, Florence Eldridge, Theodore Newton, William Janney, Verree Teasdale, Arthur Hohl, and others. Directed by G. W. Pabst.

WHAT this thing represents is more than this department, after seeing it twice, feels qualified to report. On the surface it is quite obviously one more account of a round-trip excursion from rags to riches, this time involving a circus bareback rider—illegitimate son of a lion tamer and a European banker—who possesses fatal fascination for such ladies as Dorothy Burgess, Florence Eldridge, and Jean Muir, and who makes a fragile fortune in bicycles, automobiles, and stocks. Unfortunately, however, the authors, cast, and director of A Modern Hero seem to be under the impression that beneath the surface of their narrative there lies a Deeper Meaning. This is made apparent by the fact that the incidents in the story have no apparent relation to each other; that the characters involved bear no resemblance to human beings; and that the dialogue is wooden.

Since both the hero of A Modern Hero and his son are born out of wedlock, it may be that the point which the picture is trying to drive home is that all illegitimate children must die broke. In any case, whatever it is trying or pretending to say is concealed by something, possibly the embarrassment which invariably overcomes Hollywood's producers when they discuss such a delicate subject as the children of unmarried persons.

The first time you see A Modern Hero—which was adapted from a story by Louis Bromfield—you come away with a feeling of confusion comparable to that which might be derived from watching the New York Giants playing water polo on pogo sticks. A second visit, in the case of this department, brought nothing more to light except that it might be wiser for Warner Brothers not to cast Richard Barthelmess, who is now old enough to have incipient jowls, as an adolescent dreamer.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women, The Bowery.

★★★—Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade.

The SHE-

An Ancient Problem Finds a Startlingly Modern Solution, and a Vivid Novel of Today's Daughters Approaches Its Climax

by RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

JOYCE PALGRAVE, beautiful young débutante, suddenly finds her life ideals horribly shattered. She comes upon her mother, Paula, whom she adored, with her breasts bared and E. Terry Grahame, a monocled fop, in her lap. Then, paralyzed with fright, she sees her darling father, Ledyard, whom she and her younger sister, Leta, and older brother, Evert, called Laddie, shoot both of them to death and kill himself.

The triple tragedy blasts Joyce's faith in all humankind. She loves Peter Haden, their family lawyer, but declines his urgent proposals of marriage. She tells him she cannot besmirch his life and career with her disgrace. Left penniless and homeless, Joyce gets a job as a riding instructress at Barwick's Academy, where she stables her own prized mount, Commodore. And with her brother and sister she goes to live with their old family servants, Wingham and Margaret, who have taken a little inn in Westchester County.

Disillusioned and bitter, Joyce lowers her rigid social barriers. She permits Jim Deshler, a big-shot bootlegger she met at the academy, to take her out. She begins to drink with him and other men. Then her little sister deals her another terrific shock. Leta is going to have a baby.

PART FOUR—"HE WON'T MARRY ME"

JOYCE was frantic with remorse. She felt herself to blame because she had talked so cynically of the moralities. Everything she had tried to deny resumed its sway. The reasons for the old moralities grew overwhelming. She became old-fashioned at once.

"Who is the father?" She glanced at the sleeping Joe Strawn. "Is it Joe?"

"Lord, no! He thinks I'm a near saint and treats me like one."

"Then who is it?"

"I'd better not tell you, seeing the way you feel."

"But why should you go through with it? It's easy enough to get out of such a scrape from what I've heard."

A panicky glance showed the madwoman pursuing him on a horse with a bloody mouth.

DEVIL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FALTER

"Not so easy as they pretend. It's mighty dangerous. And—it's the funniest thing!—the little devil has brought with him a terrible desire to be a mother. I love him—or her—or them. The thought of destroying the poor little thing is horrible as any other murder. I never could harm an animal. To kill a little soul that has taken shelter in my body—I can't bear it. I want my baby! I'm going to have my baby!"

"Then you must get married right away. The baby must have a father. Have you told him?"

"Yes, but he won't marry me."

"I'll make him. I'll kill him if he doesn't."

"That wouldn't help much."

"He isn't a married man, is he?" Leta shook her head violently. "Oh, how could you?" Joyce cried out.

"Well, you know how wild some of these parties are," Leta said; "and how the boys and girls drink, and how funny liquor makes people feel."

"Well—"

"Well, this fellow was fuddled and I was fuddled and we didn't know what we were doing, hardly—or what we had done. But by and by I knew—when it was too late. So I spoke to him, and he was awfully sorry."

"Awfully sorry, the beast!"

"He said he was awfully sorry, but—well, he is engaged to another girl."

"Engagement! He can break it. He's already been false to it."

"But he won't break it. I can't make him."

"I can! He'll break his engagement or I'll break every bone in his body. Who is he?"

"What's more, he says he doesn't believe he is the father. How can I prove it? He won't take my word."

Suddenly aghast, Joyce stared less at her than at the invisible world that gave the machine called woman such appalling possibilities and responsibilities. She gasped:

"Are you sure who is the father?"

Leta outstared Joyce.

"Oh, Joyce, you don't think I'm just a common—"

LETA broke down in a tempest of grief. She was almost more ashamed of the failure of her pretended sophistication and her boasted ability to "take care of herself" than of her shame. She was actually defending herself from the suspicion of being the cynical thing she had tried to be. She sobbed:

"I'm not that bad. I couldn't be just a—I couldn't even be what mamma was. I tried to be, but I always had to stop short of going the whole way. But LeGrand—I loved him. I loved him for months, and I thought he loved me. That made all the difference. He was the first really to—oh, you've got to believe me, Joyce! I loved him like a—a wife. I thought he loved me with all his heart. Or if he didn't I thought he would when he found how much I loved him. And then when I learned the truth about myself and told him, he told me he—he hadn't really cared for me. He was ashamed—not of what he had done to me, but of being untrue to that other girl. Oh, Joyce, I want to die."

She did not realize that she had let slip the name of the man—LeGrand. The name frightened Joyce, for "LeGrand" must be LeGrand Vaughan, snob of snobs, flippant, shallow, afraid only of his mother, who was an even worse snob than her son.

Joyce felt that the task ahead of her would be difficult. It would not be easy to deal with such a weakling, so slippery and gossip-fearing a cad.

How could Leta ever have yielded to such a milksop? He was even worse than E. Terry Grahame. What was the matter with the family? Why did they always fall for such mollycoddles? Jim Deshler was at least a brute and a bounder. Joyce wanted to slap Leta, to shake her till she lost this new and most appalling of all the family problems. But the child was in such a frenzy that her sobs woke Joe Strawn. He lifted his head to ask:

"Wha's ma'r, Le'a? Are you laughin' or cryin'?"

"Laughing, of course."

"Oh."

He submerged again as Leta's sobs died away in a dark silence of abject helplessness. Joyce began to feel that she herself was to blame for Leta's plight. Her unwillingness to preach or protest had left Leta without guidance or aid. Joyce had been so selfishly absorbed in her own work and in Jim Deshler that she had paid Leta no attention. She must make up for lost time, atone for her neglect. She was surprised that it did not sicken her to be acting as matchmaker on such Gay Ninety terms. But she felt she had to go through with it for Leta's sake. The child had no one else to save her from disaster. She put Leta to bed, threw an overcoat over Joe Strawn, and went to her own bed to toss and fret over the best way to cope with Vaughan.

Joyce had to be up early the next morning, for some of the pupils were business people who liked to take their exercise before they went to their offices. LeGrand Vaughan had no office hours, but his father had

LeGrand bit, clawed, elbowed, struck, kicked, and jumped up and down.

made the young man ride with him nearly every morning.

Joyce was ready with her plan when she saw Vaughan and his father posting around and around the tanbark together. When the father had finished his exact hour, he dismounted and turned his horse over to a groom. LeGrand decided to ride a while longer; it would save him from going to the train with his father and listening to another of his lectures. Joyce rode alongside him.

"Hello, LeGrand. It's a LeGrand morning."

"Ain't it?"

"How's for a little cross-country to limber up the battleships?"

"Not a bad idea."

He turned his horse's head toward the exit and Joyce trotted after him to the open air. They lifted their mounts over a gate instead of troubling to open it. Under the high blue they trotted, ran, cantered, galloped over the soft paths till the country grew primitive and lonely. As they were jogging along a dusty lane between two stretches of barbed-wire fence, Joyce said, as if casually:

"Oh, LeGrand. About Leta—"

"Leta?"

"My sister. Little girl about so high—"

"Oh, yes, I used to know her."

"I'll say you did! That's the trouble. You knew her—as the Scriptures put it—not wisely but too well."

"Well? She is a hospitable little thing—easy to look at, easy to know."

"I'm afraid so. It's the same as when they bought the two gondolas for the park—nature has taken her course."

"SO she tells me. The pitcher that goes to the well too often—"

"That's not very polite, LeGrand. Leta tells me that you're the only one. And I believe her."

"Well, I don't. How could she know?"

"She was madly in love with you. And true to you for months. You know that."

"How could I know such a thing?"

"She wouldn't lie to me. I wouldn't lie to you."

"That's a pretty large order, but supposing you wouldn't—so what?"

"You'll marry her, of course."

"Like hell I will."

"It's your baby, LeGrand. You wouldn't want to abandon your own flesh and blood."

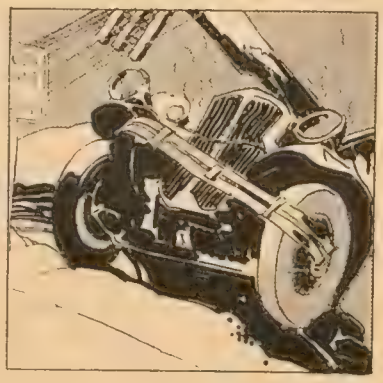
"Rot! I don't believe it's mine. How do I know there weren't other fellows?"

"You wouldn't let your own, own child come into the world fatherless?"

"I might and I might not. I'll wait till the problem confronts me."

"But I'm telling you that Leta—"

"And I'm telling you I don't believe her."



"I beg you to marry her. I implore you to. Leta's such a sweet kid. She'll make a swell wife."

"That may be. But I have other plans. I'm engaged to a girl that I've been engaged to for years."

"Engaged to a girl! A swell fiancé you've been! But what of it? What about my sister? You've got to consider her first."

"Joyce, you force me to be flat-footed. Leta has been playing round with every tomcat in the village or the countryside."

"Playing around doesn't mean going the limit."

"Maybe not. How can I tell, except by the signs. I didn't mean to go so far. I didn't delude any ignorant infant. She knew what it was and she didn't fight. Why should I be saddled with all the consequences of her carelessness? And there's another reason I don't like to mention."

Joyce knew at once what he was thinking of. He was thinking of her mother. It was pretty ghastly that her mother's lightness should reach out of the grave to destroy Leta too. But Joyce wanted to be sure. She snarled, "Go on, say it."

"Well, if you must know, my mother wouldn't even allow me to ask Leta to tea. I tried her out. So you can imagine how she'd feel about my marrying her."

"Leta's not good enough for you to marry; but she was good enough for you to—to—"

HE laughed. "Well, you're woman of the world enough to see the difference."

"But now that Leta is going to be the mother of your child—"

"I don't believe it. Even if it were true I wouldn't ruin my life by breaking my engagement and marrying a promiscuous little gadabout I don't love."

"You'd let her die of shame and let your child—"

"Put it as you like. I won't marry Leta!"

"Why, you yellow-bellied little swine!"

"Thanks, but I don't think we're getting anywhere. I'll turn back if you don't mind."

As he wheeled his horse, she wheeled the Commodore.

At a touch of her spur he leaped in front of Vaughan's horse, shouldered him aside, as in polo, stopped him. Joyce said with all earnestness:

"You're going to marry my sister, LeGrand, and you're going to marry her today."

"Not on your life. Let me pass, please."

"Not on your life."

He backed his horse. She backed hers. He spurred forward. She crowded him close to a rusty barbed-wire fence. He snapped:

"Get out of my way, you—you daughter of a—of your mother!"

She turned white-eyed with rage, and backlashed him across the face with her crop. He was almost blinded and struck out at her wildly. She dodged and slashed him across his right wrist so hard that he dropped his crop. She cracked him across the back of the left hand. He dropped the reins. She struck his horse smartly on the neck, and it bounded forward. She leaned out from the Commodore and gave Vaughan her right elbow as he was carried past. He was scraped off and rolled to the ground. When he picked himself up, she demanded:

"Will you marry my sister?"

"No!"

She made a swing at him and hurt him so that he cried out.

When he tried to get away she whipsawed the Commodore this way and that till the horse was snorting with rage and pain and bunted Vaughan to earth.

Joyce's heart was filled with murder.

"Hup!" she cried, and gave a sharp yank at the reins. The Commodore shot high in a sudden black wave, and he shadow-boxed with his forefeet while he staggered about on his hind legs. She tried to make him drive those stabbing hoofs down into the body of Vaughan, who was squealing with terror and rolling out of the way. But the Commodore saw the man beneath and managed to miss him by twisting sharply.

Joyce furiously jerked him up again, but Vaughan wriggled through the wire, heedless of the rents in his clothes and hide. Ragged and bleeding and weeping, he rose on the other side of the fence and threatened Joyce with lawsuits, arrests, death.

Joyce was blind enough to put the Commodore to the fence, but it was so high and so barbed that he refused it. She backed him and ran him at it, but again he swerved. While Vaughan ran limping across the field, Joyce, with a cruelty she had never shown, forced the Commodore back until he

LAST night, when she was dressed, a last look in the mirror showed a picture that suited even her. She felt that *he* would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn't. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, her mirror lied!

For it failed to tell one important thing—that she had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of her lovely appearance.

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Mum! That's what up-to-date women use. A quick bit under each arm and you're safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to sensitive skin. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember too, Mum does *not* prevent perspiration—just its ugly odor.

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always fresh, free from odor. Bristol Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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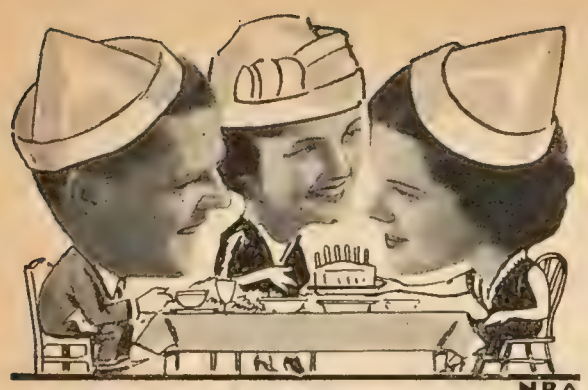

"I Should Have a Terrible Heartburn

But I Won't . . . Thanks to TUMS"

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KOIL	Omaha-Council Bluffs
KWK	St. Louis
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CFCF	Montreal

NBC BLUE NETWORK

had a long take-off, then whipping him with all her might, put him to the fence again, lifting him with the crop and a mad cry.

He crossed the hurdle, landed heavily, went to one knee, and barely saved himself from a somersault, but recovered and yielding to Joyce's blows and her spurred heels, plunged after the fugitive.

A panicky glance overshoulder showed Vaughan the madwoman pursuing him on a horse with a bloody mouth. Vaughan stopped short and put up his hands in surrender. Joyce halted the Commodore alongside him. She was so insane with wrath that she felt almost sorry when Vaughan bleated: "I'll marry Leta. I'll do anything you say!"

Panting until she could hardly speak and choked with the disappointment of her hatred, Joyce nodded:

"All right, I'll let you live. But if you try to play any tricks, I'll get you—I'll follow you round the world."

"I know you would, but you needn't. Just tell me what to do."

"Go home and patch yourself up and change your clothes. Bring your car over to where we live and Leta and you and I will drive to—I'll figure out just where. When you've married Leta you can go home and break it to your mother. I hope she beats you to death. I don't care, so long as Leta's baby and yours has what they call an honest name. But when you see Leta, don't you tell her I threatened to kill you, or I will. It's all I can do not to kill you now."

When Joyce reached Leta, her version of what had happened was more flattering than the facts. Leta suspected that her suitor had been subjected to some forceful suasion, but she dared not stir the hornets' nest plainly dormant in Joyce's breast.

Vaughan arrived, dressed to the nines, and recited his speech like a frightened schoolboy:

"Leta, darling, I had a little chat with Joyce and she convinced me that I'd be much happier if I did the square thing by your—our—my child than if I didn't. So, if you'll—er—honor me—marry me—I'd be—it will be swell."

"WHY, LeGrand! Why—why—" Joyce cut in, "Well, now that that's settled, let's get going."

After all, the couple had not yet been married and might never be.

In the car Joyce gave her final instructions with a harshness that thinly disguised her heartbroken regret for everything. She hated LeGrand, abhorred him as a husband for Leta. Yet, since Leta loved him and wanted her baby, nothing else mattered. But Joyce was so embittered by the continued frustration of everything ideal, so baffled by the complexities of existence, that she had to talk fast and be hard as nails to keep from breaking down and crying like the lonely baby she felt herself to be.

"Now, Leta, when you go to get your license, if they ask you how old you are, you say twenty-one on your last birthday."

"But I'll not be for four years yet."

"No, and by that time you'll have three more children. You're nothing but a human popcorn popper."

"Well, I don't see why I've got to make myself out an old woman."

"No? Well, the old women that make the laws of this state say that if you get married before you're eighteen, even with your parents' consent, your husband is guilty of abduction. Before you can get married without your parents' consent, you've got to be twenty-one."

"But I've got no parents."

"Well, we'd better not go into that. Everything will be easy if you'll just say you're twenty-one. The man will say, 'My, but you're well preserved for such an old hag,' but he won't make any trouble."

Though his brows frowned, LeGrand's heart smiled with a new hope.

"I don't like beginning our life with a lie."

JOYCE laughed harshly. "You're perfectly willing to put the marriage off till Leta is twenty-one, or ninety-one, aren't you? Well, you're not going to put it off another day—unless you prefer a funeral to a wedding. Your son won't wait. As for beginning your honeymoon—your green-cheese-moon—with a lie—ha-ha!"

Her glee had the note well known as "ghoulish" and LeGrand made no further objections. The fear of God may have been in him, but the fear of Joyce was more potent because she was a more immediate menace, and he had already seen in her eyes that look of regret when she had him at her mercy and he saved his life by consenting to marry her sister.

In spite of the stage fright of all three as they approached the license bureau and went thence to the marriage machine, they noted a remarkable indifference in the operators. The latter were fed up on matrimonial candidates. The curt marriage was spectacularly sordid and graceless, and the two-now-one walked out feeling no whit changed. Yet married they were, and Joyce realized that they could get unmarried only by a breach of the Seventh Commandment and complex procedure, or by the commonplace device of collusion, or by the equally familiar voyage to Reno or other divorce shops. Joyce expressed the thought:

"What a scream! Any two idiots can buy a marriage as easily as a haircut and quicker than a manicure. But it takes all hell to blast 'em apart. And now, just because I bullied you two into letting a couple of muckers sell you a license and read a few lines out of a book at you, you are joined in holy alimony for life.

"The baby will be heir to the Vaughan fame and fortune. If it hadn't been for me, you would never have seen each other again, and the baby would be a—"

"Joyce! Please!" Leta said softly.

"Don't be so odious! I'll be the best wife that ever was, and the baby will be President of the United States—whether it's a boy or a girl—and will save the nation, too. You'll see!"

Leta was genuinely ecstatic over her new estate, and even LeGrand was a little less of a ninny now that he was a family man, so Joyce ceased to rail; but her scorn was none the less acid for burning inward. To her tormented mind marriage appeared as an utter farce and a contemptible hypocrisy. The absence of its sanction had not protected Leta, and the presence of its sanction had not kept Joyce's mother from yielding to her animal nature.

RUPERT HUGHES
is not only one of the world's foremost novelists and short-story writers, but also has written and directed many fine screen plays. A Yale graduate, A. M., Class of '99, he now lives in Los Angeles.

Joyce felt that the world was a sham. Its most sanctimonious rituals were no more helpful than the most secular, or none at all. Wolves were wolves and sheep sheep, in wolf's clothing or in lamb's wool.

The bridal party rode away as informally as if they had stopped at a roadhouse for a luncheon that had been neither appetizing nor easy to digest. None of the three could think of anything to say that was not better left unsaid. The prospects looked good for a dull and eventless honeymoon. LeGrand was driving carefully down a long hill, and making room for the passage of a truck coasting after him at a growing speed, when from a bush at the side of the road a little girl popped out in front of him. Seeing LeGrand's car, she stopped short and stared at him in rigid terror. She could not turn back, for another car shot by. It was one of those moments packed with death and destruction that make up a large part of motor travel, though most of them miss fire.

LeGrand swung his wheel over and passed the child just as the truck was passing him. Now things happened so rapidly that the eyes might as well have been blind. The ears were deafened by the uproar of grided and twisted steel, broken glass, torn gravel. All sense of direction was lost in a mingling of earthquake, avalanche, tidal wave, boiler explosion, and Judgment Day.

The first miracle was that anybody was alive. The second that one person could be so very much alive in so many places at once. Joyce found herself reclining on one elbow in the middle of the road like a battered hobo Cleopatra. The car had rolled over two or three times under the crashing high nose of the truck and was now upended in a ditch. She saw vaguely the bleeding truck driver picking himself out of the road and advancing on LeGrand with the familiar male tactical motto, "When in the wrong, bully your victim before he can complain."

Stunned as she was, Joyce was further stunned by LeGrand's behavior. She saw him crawl out of the ditch, gather himself together, brush his clothes, and stare at his crumpled hat in horror. The truck driver gripped him roughly by the elbow, spun him around, and barked brilliantly:

"Wattahell you tryin' to do? Whyn't you look where you're goin', you lily-fingered—"

Perhaps because his snobbish soul was outraged by the man's impertinence, LeGrand exploded and scattered himself in all directions. Without the faintest respect for the manly art, he bit, clawed, elbowed, struck, kicked, and jumped up and down while emitting words that no nice young man should ever have heard, much less remembered. The human pin wheel did not cease to sputter until the hopelessly outnumbered truck driver was lying across the road in a stately calm.

Joyce realized that the explanation of LeGrand's arrant cowardice when she attacked him was probably just the usual male fear of a female. In any case, he was once more brushing off his clothes and regarding his pretty hat with horror when Joyce staggered to him, crying:

"Leta? Where's Leta?"

Indeed, where is Leta? What has happened to her—and her unborn child? The next installment of this dramatic story gives the answer, and reveals a strange metamorphosis in the Palgraves which draws the luckless Joyce still deeper into the quagmire of shattered ideals.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—At the Mount Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California.
2—In law, the right of inheritance by the first-born.
3—Rochester, Minnesota.
4—Russia, Scotland, England.
5—Anita Loos.
6—At Provincetown, Massachusetts.
7—No.
8—The Hague (the court); Amsterdam (the legislature).
9—St. Augustine, Florida.
10—Industrial Workers of the World.
11—The commercial source of the gas is generated by subjecting calcium carbide to the action of water.
12—John Keats, in Endymion.
13—Amerigo Vespucci.
14—Forty days, excluding Sundays.
15—In the church of Ste. Geneviève, called the Panthéon, in Paris.
16—The former has a definite economic and political program, while the latter, as a rule, believes merely in common property rights, letting events shape themselves on that basis.
17—In Kentucky; it is the Mammoth Cave.
18—Russia and Japan.
19—Robert Louis Stevenson.
20—A light soft cotton cloth, originally made in India.

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DON'T Commit

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Science Says It's Just the Weather that Makes the Urge Strongest in Spring—Here Are Some Odd and Arresting Facts for Those Who Feel Low in Their Minds

THE youth turned away from the window. Tears of resentment welled up in his eyes and he clenched his hands in bitter despair.

Wildly his eyes searched the room with the savage hate of having looked at its contents thousands of times and finding every object more distasteful after each scrutiny.

It was a typical room one could find in any house where "vacancies" are advertised in the front window. Two windows looked out upon a street thickly lined with high-stooped brownstone houses. It was a balmy spring day in May, the season when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—what? The lad at the window was not thinking of love. He was starved: starved for companionship, for work, for activity—for anything to keep his mind off his loneliness, his utter friendlessness in a city of millions.

He sank limply into a chair and buried his head in his hands. For a few moments he was motionless. Then his hands slowly moved upward through his hair. Suddenly they became rigid and his eyes had a desperate gleam.

Like one in a trance he rose and walked unsteadily toward a gas jet protruding from the wall. He turned the lever. A hiss was heard. Snapping it shut, he muttered hoarsely: "It's the only way!"

The odor of gas came to his nostrils, and he shuddered convulsively. Then an unearthly sound, part sob, part laugh, escaped from his lips. He leaped to the windows and slammed them shut, drawing the shades. Slowly he turned around. . . .

No, my boy—don't go another step. Take your eyes off that gas jet. That is not the way out. What is your reason? Lack of friends? Loneliness? You did not feel that way when those long cold winter nights with the wind whistling outside your windows made it very cozy and comfortable to sit in that now hated chair and read a book. And you even wished the nights were longer so that you could sleep a little more in your warm bed. You sang as you splashed yourself with cold water in the morning, dressed hurriedly, and raced down to the corner drug store for a hot cup of coffee and a muffin.

Don't imagine that you are choosing death by a noble exercise of your own free will. You are merely the victim of a physiological accident. You may have many burdens—but you want to die because something about the weather, or a half-baked piece of pie you ate at your last meal, does something to your insides. Really, you must not! Statistically, 28,000 people will die by their own hands this year in the United States. Don't be one of them. There is nothing extraordinary in your reaction. The suicidal urge is strongest in May. All you have is a bad case of spring fever.

You may not know, but it is possible to fill an entire library with books on suicide. Ask Dr. L. I. Dublin, chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life. In a fascinating study written jointly with Bessie Bunzel, To Be Or Not To Be, he has collected all that is known about suicide.

When, recently, I bearded Dr. Dublin in his den, high up in the Metropolitan Tower, I asked if it were true that the suicide curve reached its peak in May.

"Yes, the pleasantest period of the year," he replied, "when the earth renews her vigor, gives rise, in some inexplicable fashion, to the severest attacks of *Weltschmerz,* which all too often ends in suicide.

"And it is true in other countries where spring comes a little later. In England and France, June seems to be the month most favored for self-destruction."

"But what is spring fever?" I inquired, "and why should a person think of suicide when the poets say he should think of love?"

"Spring fever," Dr. Dublin retorted, "is another name for restlessness. It seems to be some psychological response to change in temperature, humidity, or other natural conditions. As for love and suicide, there may well be a connection. It may be that an increased feeling of loneliness and frustration overcomes many love-starved people during the season of mating. Maybe some unfortunate men think of suicide in the spring because the contrast between their mood and the smile on the face of nature enhances their own unhappiness."

Henry Morselli, another authority on suicide, ascribes its frequency in the spring to the fact that the organism finds it difficult to adjust itself to the change in temperature.

Poor health may lead to suicide. Spring proverbially brings disorders to the digestion and to the blood. A medical man who has a wide experience with post-mortems of suicides insists that nine out of ten people who kill themselves are constipated. It may be that all you need is a dose of sulphur and molasses!

Modern psychology reveals that the life wish and the death wish live simultaneously in the same bosom. It may be that the stimulus of spring intensifies the conflict between these two forces. The darker force of death may utilize the momentary instability and seize the fortress of the soul.

So you see, lad, it was really spring fever in one form or another. Don't accept my judgment. Merely promise to delay your decision twenty-four hours. Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today is an excellent maxim. Suicide, as the Rev. Dr. Harry M. Warren remarks, is the one exception. In those twenty-four hours something may happen to alter the case.

(The boy did not kill himself. Today he is happily married.)

Suicide in the United States costs the insurance companies $75,000,000 per year. How much more it costs in heartaches to those who are left behind! Figures collected by Dr. Dublin show that out of every 100,000 persons in the United States more than twenty-four men and fewer than seven women will take their own lives in the course of a year. If these figures do not lie, 500 men and 175 women who read Liberty will commit suicide in 1934!

Don't! Let us beat Death at his own game. If you who read this dally with the thought of self-destruction, give it up. Think! *Mañana! Mañana!* Whatever I said to the boy applies to *you.*

Fortunately, the suicide rate for the United States in 1933 was 6 per cent below the statistics for the previous year. The lives thus saved mean another entry on the credit side of the New Deal. But the percentage

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

SUICIDE in May!

"It may be that increased loneliness overcomes many during the mating season."

PICTURE BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

is still too large. The number still hovers around approximately 26,000 for the United States and about 300,000 for the entire world.

The depression has added thousands to the suicidal toll. Not poverty in itself but the change from riches to insufficient means provides strong incentive to self-destruction. "What tries men's souls," Dr. Dublin maintains, "is being deprived of the accustomed comforts, friends, and surroundings, and having to accept in their place inferior conditions."

The majority of suicides are not due to economic reasons but to some psychic or social maladjustment. Children rarely kill themselves, and the death rate for adolescents is low; it was, however, until recently, slightly higher among girls than among boys. After nineteen the female rate is much lower.

Young married men commit suicide more rarely than unmarried men, and as they advance in age, the position of the married becomes more and more favorable. More than half of all suicides occur among persons of forty-five years or over, although they constitute only a little more than one fifth of the population. About three and a half times as many men as women kill themselves.

A recent study of conditions in Vienna disclosed that "attempted" suicides were more frequent among women. "We cannot," Dr. Dublin remarked to me, "assume that all 'attempted' suicides actually intended to die. Especially among females, attempts are not entirely sincere."

According to figures submitted by another expert, Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, consulting statistician for the Prudential Insurance Company of America, 60 per cent of attempted suicides fail.

Methods of suicide differ. People have definite predilections. One New York business man, who had jumped from a bridge, refused to seize the rope which a policeman lowered to rescue him. The officer thereupon drew a revolver and threatened to shoot. Faced with the muzzle of a gun, the man immediately took hold of the rope and was hauled to safety. He had determined to be drowned, not shot!

In the United States shooting is the most frequent method. Hanging is second. After that come poisoning and asphyxiation. In Europe the use of firearms is less frequent.

VARIOUS organizations make a special effort to combat suicide. The National Save-A-Life League in New York is the outstanding group in this field. The Rev. Harry M. Warren, from his pulpit in Manhattan Church on a Sunday twenty-five years ago, discussed the futility of suicide. "I wish," he exclaimed, "that all who believe that death is the only solution to their problem would give me a chance to prove them wrong." Within twenty-four hours twelve visitors replied to his challenge. That was the beginning of the League.

Miss Lona B. Bonnell, Dr. Warren's assistant, meets an average of eight persons daily who announce that life has become unbearable. Assured of inviolable secrecy, the prospective suicide talks. Both Miss Bonnell and Dr. Warren listen sympathetically. They reason with the visitor and, in the vast majority of cases, succeed in persuading him to change his mind.

In 1933 the Save-A-Life League received 2,816 applicants for advice. Its officers visited 1,084 families where suicides had occurred and 2,160 homes where suicide had been attempted. The ministrations of the organization are spiritual rather than economic. But the League knows how to direct inquirers who need material aid.

Anti-suicide bureaus, working along similar lines, exist in London, Zurich, Vienna, and Berlin. The Salvation Army conducts work of this type in many of its branches.

In England, as in other countries, the individuals seeking aid are very frequently of the upper or middle classes: clergymen, doctors, solicitors, sea captains, journalists, architects, schoolmasters, tradesmen. Manual laborers rarely slay themselves.

Religion is one of the most powerful safeguards. The Jewish religion holds life so sacred that any attempt to take it is looked upon as a crime. There are few suicides in the Bible, and few suicides among the Jews. Some Roman and Greek philosophers regarded suicide as the most honorable escape from life. Christianity, unlike the pagan religions, condemns suicide. It is least frequent in Catholic countries. It increases wherever religion loses its hold.

Don't kill yourself in May. Don't kill yourself in June. Don't kill yourself at any time! Talk it over with a friend. If you have any further doubt, the door of some doctor or of a church is always open. Many causes lead to suicide. But self-destruction is rarely, if ever, the best or the only way out.

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

FRED ALLEN can make you laugh, but you can't make him laugh. He knows all the jokes!

For years he has been collecting them and studying them, the way the entomologists study insects. Suppose you tell him what you believe to be a brand-new joke. Does he chortle? No. He doesn't even snicker. "Ah," says he, with professorial interest, "that is a joke of the so-and-so family. Quite a good specimen."

"Take the joke that features a difficult pronunciation," he explained. "That one is always popping up in some new form. The police sergeant who can't spell Kosciusko Street tells the cop to arrest the man around the corner. . . . The tipsy husband brings his wife chrysanthemums, finds he can't pronounce them, throws them away, and buys roses. . . . It is the same joke every time. You keep hearing it, in one form or another, all your life."

Long before he became a star funny man on the radio, Fred Allen made a hobby of joke detecting. In Boston, where he lives, he has a private library of four thousand volumes on the subject. He says they are humorous books, and I guess we'll have to take his word for it. When a humorist tells you a book is funny, there is nothing to do but believe him.

Mr. Allen specializes in courtroom jokes from real life. Hunts for them wherever he goes. On the radio, his Night Court talks have been his most successful feature.

FRED ALLEN

■ Mother's Day might be recognized as a demonstration for birth control. Not until large families became comparatively scarce did Mother's Day break out in our world. Some critics hold the florists and greeting-card merchants are responsible for Mother's Day. Blame may also be laid on the doorstep of temperance.

In earlier times, when women lavishly bore a dozen or fifteen children, there was no thought of Mother's Day. Mothers were then too prolific to be glorified.

Now that mothers regulate their output more scientifically, we, their kids, find it wise and befitting to celebrate the favor of maternity. In our new era—our era of sex relationships so amazingly composed—we may soon be quite distinguished if we have any mother at all.

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

I realize that I am taking certain risks when I bring this viewpoint up in a family magazine. Most editors of family magazines have been convinced that mother worship is one of the whims sacrosanct to readers.

I do not believe that mother worship is a whim. I think it is a universally dignified impulse. Like all deep feelings, it can be cheapened, vulgarized, and commercialized by persons who are engaged in the business of unscrupulously exploiting our heartfelt emotions.

■ "In the matter of guest towels," exclaimed the husband of a friend of mine, "women are incorrigible. They *will* put fancy guest towels in the bathroom for masculine company. No man feels comfortable wiping his hands on an embroidered frippery. Nine men out of ten will avoid mussing up your fancy guest linen. They grope around your bathroom until they find a soiled family towel."

This, I think, is a reasonable complaint. Supplying guest towels for men, we should not give way to our feminine weakness for showing off our pretty-pretty linen.

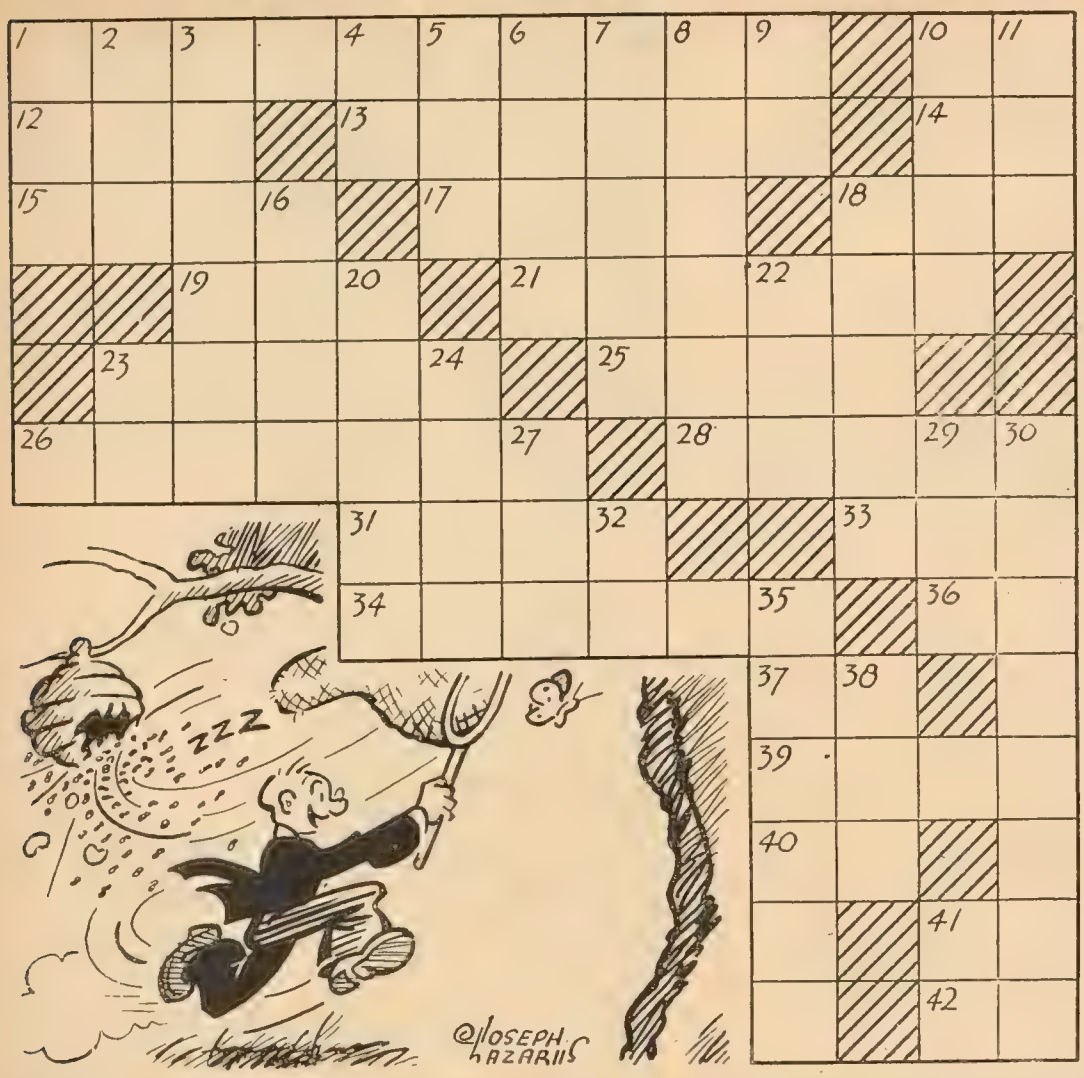
■ If you need up-to-the-minute philosophy, read Vash Young's book, No Thank You. (Published by Bobbs-Merrill.)

■ Thank goodness our hats take shape in such variety this season that every one of us should be able to find a becoming novelty. Perfect for round-faced girls is the malines cap, in fish net, bordered with three fat rolls of crêpe so arranged as to frame half the face with a tiny brim. The coolie hat, mushroom shaped, is distinctly *costume*—therefore not so good. If your face is not too thin, the new Breton hat with the square effect at the top of the crown is extremely smart. For thin faces the stitched fabric hat *à la* tennis eye shade is original and stylish. The new bérets are youthful; they're made of small piqué flowers in all colors. Also the caps made of gold feathers. And we have with us this year the extra-large shepherdess hat alluringly decorated with velvet loops under the brim.

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

CROSS WORDS



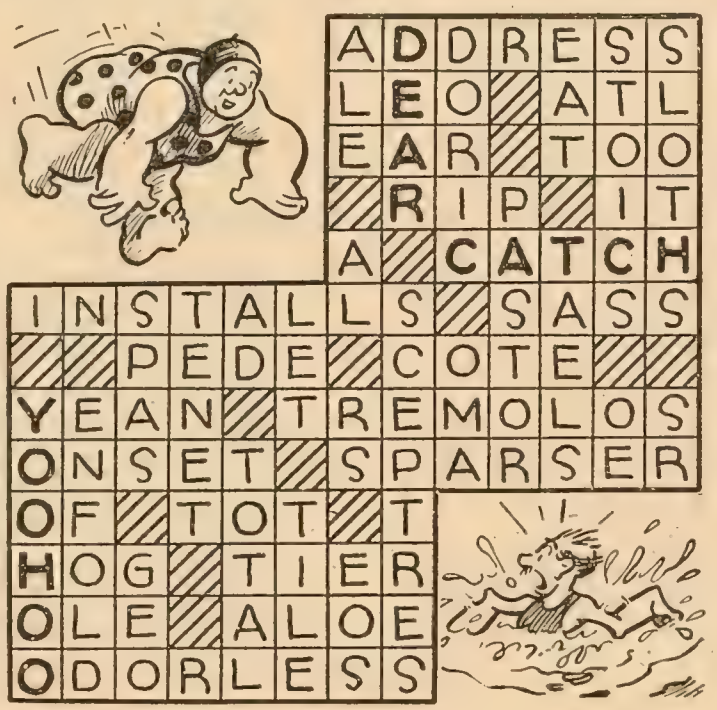
After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 One versed in natural history
10 South American sloth
12 Man's name
13 Spongy substance
14 Loco laudato (abbr.)
15 Saucy
17 One who ties
18 The whole
19 Procure
21 Make rare
23 Hearkens
25 Annual season of fasting
26 To draw along
28 Suspicious (slang)
31 Implement for tilling
33 Eggs of a fish (Scot.)
34 Those who scatter seed
36 The paternal parent
37 Man's nickname
39 Genuine
40 Not out
41 At
42 Type genus (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1 Pinch
2 Part of to be
3 A kind of small shield
4 Sun god
5 Amount (abbr.)
6 Bed of a wild beast
7 Utopian
8 Reddish brown
9 Trade union (abbr.)
10 Confederate
11 Unwell
16 Rend
18 Subsequently
20 Ensnares
22 Point of the compass
23 Holy name (abbr.)
24 A storage place for green fodder
27 Immediately
29 A light blow
30 A lamb
32 Personal pronoun
35 Sequence
38 A haunt
41 Neuter pronoun



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O	D	O	R	L	E	S	S					

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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A Thrilling Tale of a Death-Dogged Voyage and a Sailor Who Stood By—Though They Called Him

Useless

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

ULYSSES LONG left the snug warmth of the First and Last bar and stumbled away into the blinding snow. Inside the bar the second mate of an outward-bound Cape Horner needing men was becoming too forthright in his methods, and Ulysses Long had no intention of making a passage around Cape Horn. He, with a mate, had only just delivered a small fishing sloop in Port Stanley from Nova Scotia, and he wanted to get home while he had the wages intact. There would be a northbound steamer soon; and he had not made that hazardous voyage without good reason. When he quit the sea to try farming, he had meant to stay ashore, and only the great need of money to insure the recovery of a young wife sorely sick with her first child—his son—impelled him to take the offer of a price to deliver that boat. The need of money impelled him to do without more than one helper, for more hands meant smaller shares.

His mate, less needy, was making full use of unwonted cash inside that bar now, and if he didn't look out he'd find himself aboard that hard-case Cape Horner that had already been forced to put into the Falklands twice, beaten back, and had lost several of her men to a southbound whaling steamer this very day when ready to try again. The reputation of the bark Fortuna was such that men preferred half a year of whaling amid antarctic ice to completing a single passage in her.

Ulysses had not gone far before he found himself worrying about Chunky, his friend and shipmate, lapping up liquor in the First and Last, with the second mate of the Fortuna helping him and waiting his chance. Poor thirsty Chunky stood in danger of finding himself outward bound around Old Stiff in a hard-case packet.

Ulysses turned, facing the driving blizzard, and almost ran back to the little pub. He opened the door and thrust inside. The bar was empty of all except the barman.

"Is he gone, mister? Chunky—is he gone?" demanded Ulysses.

"You looking for trouble too?" growled the man. "Better leave Chunky alone. He's fighting drunk. He started to clean out the bar and I sent for the police. He'll eat you if you go—"

Ulysses turned away, slamming the door.

He trotted along toward the water front. And fifty yards away he almost fell over something lying in the snow. He stooped. It was a man—it was Chunky!

Chunky's face was bloody; his head was battered. It took only thirty seconds to see that Chunky was dead.

Chunky had been flashing his money; like a fool! Swiftly Ulysses felt in the dead man's pockets and drew out a well filled pocketbook. Then it was not robbery! What was it? As he knelt there in the snow, handling the pocketbook in a semidaze, he saw two men running toward the little pub. They were policemen.

Suddenly he saw himself in a predicament. Chunky dead, and him alongside, with Chunky's money. He began to shove the pocketbook back in the dead man's pocket; then he hesitated. The policemen were coming out, running toward him; the barman was shouting something after them, shouting Ulysses' name. Near by sounded the hoarse toot of a tugboat leaving, bound down harbor to pluck that Cape Horner to sea—and panic seized Ulysses Long. God knew when he'd get home now, if he got tangled up in this business. He heard his name

Useless leaped to help him. "Come on! That skunk's dead!" roared Mr. Rapp.

again, shouted by a policeman. He crammed Chunky's pocketbook into his own pocket, and ran like a hound down a turning, toward the sea, his pursuers after him.

The tug receded, almost hidden immediately by the whirling snow, when he came abreast of her. He dodged down over the edge of the little wharf, and crouched there while the policemen stamped on the planking, shouting after the tug. There was no recalling that tug now. Voices were swept away by the wind. Beneath Ulysses bobbed a small boat, a fisherman's boat with a furled sail; and when the policemen rushed away to seek a stout craft with which to chase the tug, Ulysses dropped into the little boat.

He had been reared in tiny craft, in seas as bitter as this. He shoved the boat out into the mad waters, and hoisted the rag of sail. Cape Horn or Paradise—the Fortuna was going to sea.

They saw him as he began to drive clear, and he heard them bawling, those policemen. But he steered into the blizzard, and let them bawl. The boat leaked, but flew. He bailed with one hand, steered with the other, listening for sounds; and presently he heard the clank of a wind-

by CAPTAIN DINGLE

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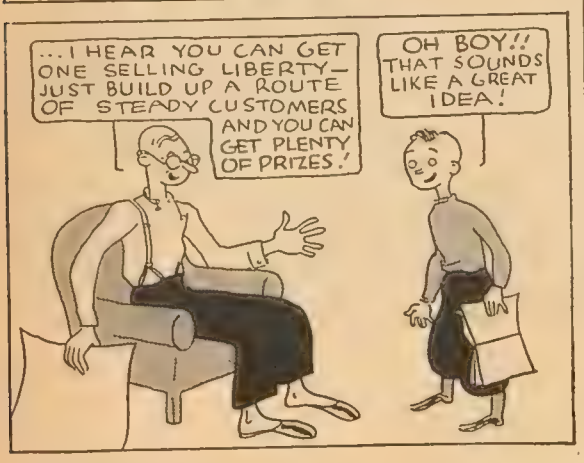
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lass, the short signal toot of the tug.

The ship loomed above him. He crashed his boat against her side, seized a brace bumkin, and clung, while the boat swirled filling from under him.

That smashed boat would be picked up alongshore—for a wooden boat does not easily sink—and he would be believed drowned. The face of a harassed shipmaster was thrust against him as he climbed aboard, and he stammered that he wanted to ship.

Mr. Rapp, the second mate who had tried so hard to get Long to ship up there in the First and Last, chuckled evilly as he recognized his new hand. Other men were there, bloody and half stupefied, who had been drinking with Chunky at that bar.

"Your name's Long, ain't it?" yelled Mr. Rapp, thrusting a rope into Ulysses' hands.

"Ulysses Long, that's right," returned Long, looking up to see where the rope led before hauling on it.

"You say 'sir' to me, Useless Long! Damned if that ain't a good tally for you—Useless!" Mr. Rapp laughed savagely, then gripped Long by the arm. "D'ye hear? 'Sir' to me!"

"All right—if it'll make you happier—sir!" muttered Useless, and bent to haul on his rope.

Some of the less helpless of the men laughed at the passage of words, and Mr. Rapp turned upon them in frenzy. He trod on the foot of a fat little man, and punched him viciously in the face while unable to step back. A second blow went astray as the fat man sank to the deck, and it caught Useless in the eye. Useless dropped his rope, and the released sheet far overhead flogged its steel links against the spars so that the ship trembled.

"MISTER, that's something I knows a bit about!" snapped Useless, and his gaunt arm straightened, his fist took Mr. Rapp on the chin, who fell like a sack of wheat on top of the fat sailor.

"What's wrong for'ard?" yelled the voice of Captain Hunter. "Are you trying to lose me some spars, Mr. Rapp?"

The mate, Mr. Garnet, came stamping along with his own men, and took charge. The ship was creeping out from the harbor, and the tug was signaling to her. Sail after sail was set, until the Fortuna heeled dizzily under a main-topgallant sail, and then the tug cast her off, leaving her to bear her miserable crew out into the wild chilly seas with a gale hounding her toward Cape Horn.

Whatever Mr. Rapp might be as a brutal bully, as a seaman he stood out strongly. He drove his men to securing the gear, rigging life lines, getting down the heavy towline before it was dragged off the forecastle head by the seas. When but one man remained to help him in the last, hardest job of all, securing the fore hatch after coiling away the heavy hawser, Useless was that man. Mr. Rapp said nothing about that punch on the chin; Useless had nothing to say.

When at last the job was done, the two men stood for a moment gazing toward the vanishing land—and then they turned and their eyes met. Mr. Rapp went aft and Useless went forward without exchanging one word.

CAPTAIN DINGLE

was born in England of parents who seemed, he says, to be proud of poverty. As a child he had to wear cast-off clothes and ate lunches made of bread and lard. He was aboard ship at fourteen, and after twenty-five years at sea, and five or six wrecks, he commenced writing.

In the forecastle three men lay comatose in cheerless bunks. They had been too drugged with bad liquor when dragged on board to respond to spoken order or clenched fist. The fat little sailor and a ghostly white youngster sat on a sea chest, drinking from a black bottle, when Useless entered.

"Here, give the long feller a drink!" cried the white-faced lad shrilly. "Here! My name's Jones—Davy Jones—and I'm goin' to get fond o' you, long feller. I like the way you talk back at Mr. Rapp, my son."

Useless accepted the drink, for he was shivering now with the reaction after his swift escapade and the ensuing terrific labor. The fat sailor was dabbing slush from a mess kit on his bruised and lacerated eye.

"TALKIN' back ain't goin' to hurt Rapp!" he snarled. "Me—first time I'm aloft and he's below, I'll drop a spike on his bleedin' neck! That's me! Cherub, he calls me—and I'll sit aloft and look arter him like a cherub!"

The door opened and Mr. Garnet entered in a flurry of wet snow.

"Is there a helmsman among the live ones?" he bawled windily. "My Lord! There's a farmer at the wheel who'll turn us over! You—" He dragged at Useless. "You're the mad sailor who boarded us in a bit of a sailboat, aren't you? Get aft, for the love o' God, and save the Old Man's sanity!"

Useless was a helmsman. When he had been steering for ten minutes Captain Hunter breathed heavily with relief. He could take time now to go into the chartroom and plot down his departure and most advantageous course. The surf on the forbidding shore was receding, and with a clever hand at the wheel the ship was speeding like a sea horse—a fair gale at last, after two abortive attempts to round the stormy headland that was less than two days' sail ahead if this gale held true as it blew now.

When Useless' trick was over, Mr. Rapp sent him on lookout. It was not to be supposed that Mr. Rapp would leave that pop on the chin unpaid for, and this was the first installment. No man in such weather should stand

both wheel and lookout in one watch. So thought Captain Hunter. He told Mr. Rapp so, and Useless scored the first trick against his officer.

Through a wild night the Fortuna foamed onward, and into the middle of a wilder day. There were jobs aloft for daylight hours—rovings to replace, chafing gear to renew, loosened gaskets to be made fast. Mr. Rapp shone. Only let Useless quit the wheel, and up aloft with him! When he came down, up with him again, from mast to mast—and if Captain Hunter seemed to be considering having him back at the wheel to replace some left-handed lump of clumsiness who was rolling the ship perilously, Mr. Rapp was clever enough to make the job one that it took Useless clear to the change of the watch to finish.

Useless obeyed all orders. Whenever he felt tempted to do a bit of work on the body and person of the second mate, he remembered Chunky lying dead in the snow, and two policemen running to shout after the tug, his own name flying free. Every bitter job, every stark watch—they were just so much distance toward safety.

With the end of the day, when the second night out of Stanley began to fall, the gale fell away to a moderately strong breeze. It still blew fair, and the snow came down more densely; but the sea lost much of its vicious sting.

Useless had steered right through the first dogwatch, and was due for another trick in the latter half of the first watch. The second dogwatch was his own, and he lay in his cheerless unbedded bunk, trying to get warm.

THE Cherub sat on the edge of Useless' bunk, stropping his sheath knife on his boot.

"What yer goin' to do wiv that, Cherub?" demanded Davy Jones.

"Wait and see! You never see the barstard kick me in the trousies just now, did you?"

"Course I see! You asked for it, didn't you? Puttin' up the bloody side lights arter you knowed they'd blowed out!" retorted Davy Jones. "Better cut yerself a bit o' cake wiv that frog-sticker—"

"Cake!" the Cherub squealed. "Bloody fine cake we gits in this hell-driver! I'll cut a bit o' cake—out o' Mister Rapp's bloody—"

Useless reached forth and took the knife with inexorable grip.

"You don't need no knife, little man. If the nice orficer kicks you in the pants again, you come runnin' to father. You'll only git hurt if you goes around wavin' a sharp knife."

Useless broke the knife across the leeboard of his bunk, put the pieces under him, and rolled over to sleep.

The Cherub glared furiously at him, and darted out into the wind and snow cursing. He reached the galley, and peered through a porthole. If the Doctor were out he might sneak a real knife. He had envied the ship's cook his job lately, and only because he had the handling of so many nice second-mate-killing tools.

Mr. Rapp was inside the galley, drinking coffee out of the Doctor's dipper. The Doctor was not there—probably having a smoke in the bosun's room. The Cherub's teeth chattered. He saw that fine row of gleaming sharp knives and cleavers, all ready to a man's hand if he quietly opened the door. The Cherub moistened his dry lips, opened the door, and slipped inside, his hand on a French poultry knife the moment he crossed the storm sill.

"What the hell?" demanded Mr. Rapp.

Then the Cherub was upon him, murder in his somber little eyes. Mr. Rapp dropped his dipper, scattering scalding coffee around, and grappled with the man.

OUTSIDE, close, a sudden steam-throated blare split the wind. A vast shape loomed out of the snowy blanket. A shout or two burst from startled throats. Then a great steamer struck the Fortuna squarely amidships, between galley and poop, and masts and yards fell in crashing chaos.

The Fortuna reeled, went over, the sea roaring through the rent, and the steamer went on out of sight, her siren sounding staccato alarums. The sailing ship was stricken to death, her master shouting for the boats, her men tumbling out from their quarters half dressed, half asleep, wholly in panic.

Useless, running along the deck, collided with Mr. Rapp, holding a hand to his side, blood trickling through his fingers.

"Come along, my lad! This is the time to show you're a sailor!" gasped Mr. Rapp.

Ulysses followed him up to the boat gallows. One boat had been wrecked by the blow that killed the ship. The other hung half over the ship, and the ship was foundering fast.

"Cut the falls and shove her out!" ordered Mr. Rapp.

The captain and mate, steward and helmsman were aft, lowering away the gig abaft the mizzen rigging. Davy Jones and two seamen clambered up to lend a hand, and the second mate's boat plunged into the sea, Mr. Rapp holding on to the painter.

"In with you! The ship's going!"

Mr. Rapp shouldered the men into the boat. Useless saw a man roll from the galley door into the wash in the scuppers beneath him, and leaped down to help him up.

"Come on! That skunk's dead anyhow!" roared Mr. Rapp. Cherub was certainly dead. His head lolled foolishly sideways on a broken neck.

"Jump, you long fool!" yelled Mr. Rapp, and the ship lurched heavily.

Useless slithered to leeward, fell over the rail, and was hauled into the boat. Then the Fortuna recovered for a moment, the air rushing out of her seemed to moan, and she plunged

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Two seamen crept aft. Useless removed the tiller, beat them down.

under, sending the boat shooting away on the great wash of her descending side.

"Pull her clear! My God, are none of you men?" gasped Rapp, seizing an oar.

Useless got out an oar, and they pulled desperately until clear of the tumult of waters roaring to cover the ship.

The wind and sea carried the boat fast to leeward. The steamer had stopped; they could hear her blowing. They shouted—but human voices made no headway against that wind. The position of the steamer changed. She was slowly cruising, seeking for survivors. She came nearer, and once when she blew Useless thought he saw the dim shape of her.

But it was night and the snow was dense. His eyes deceived him, for there shone no lights.

There were five men all told in the boat—all soaked to the skin with icy water—and the water keg was empty, the stores locker bare.

There was a lugsail and a boat compass, that was all. And the gale was dead in the teeth of a small boat trying for the only land where sustenance might be found.

"Now's your chance to show us how you sailed that fishing boat all the way from Nova Scotia," said Mr. Rapp grimly. "Step the mast and get the boat under control. No use looking for that steamboat—the bloody murderers!"

WHILE Useless encouraged the shivering seamen to set sail, the second mate held the boat head to wind with a steering oar. The boat lantern had no oil; the compass could be read only by touching it with the nose. But when the wind filled the reefed lugsail and the boat answered her helm, Mr. Rapp estimated the direction of the nearest leeward land, Staten Land, and brought the wind upon the back of his left ear and steered so.

"You've got one chance in life," he said to the men; "one—slim—chance—"

Mr. Rapp abruptly fell forward, his face between his knees, and the tiller left his hand.

"That little Cherub got me!" he groaned. "Take her, Long!"

Useless, in laying him down securely in the bottom of the boat, could feel the broad sticky mass of bloody clothing near Mr. Rapp's heart. The Cherub had made no idle threat.

Nobody liked Mr. Rapp, or had reason to—least of all, perhaps, Useless. Yet he could give the man credit for having played a man's part in getting the boat clear. But for Mr. Rapp, Useless himself could not have reached it, for it was Rapp who had hauled him aboard when he slipped down into the leeward wash.

There was Port Stanley—a doctor there. To windward, true, but not so far away as the bleak Tierra del Fuegian shore where men might starve after landing. That shore the boat could reach easily simply by running before the wind.

"RUN before it—Useless! Can't miss—the land. Some of you will—make it," Mr. Rapp wheezed, gripping Useless' bare cold ankle.

That was queer. Mr. Rapp was no soft-hearted altruist. He had brutally beaten men. Undoubtedly he had killed the Cherub. That might have been in self-defense, though by no means certain. He might have attacked the Cherub first—he was quite capable of that. But he was concerned for his men's safety now, even though he must know his own chance was hopeless.

Useless gulped, for he suddenly came face to face with a crisis. He must put about and beat back to Stanley. There was nothing else to do. Mr. Rapp needed attention quickly. But to step ashore again in Stanley meant that Useless must come foul of the police. And since he had thought it over he had realized to the full how badly he stood in the matter of the killing of Chunky. He had been seen with the body, and had run.

He admitted to himself that he would find it hard to believe in the innocence of another man in similar circumstances.

He sighed. The boat was flying madly downwind, Davy Jones and the other men bailing for their lives. It kept them warm, too, and so wearied them that they scarcely thought of their stark predicament.

"You fellers agree on turns at that!" Useless abruptly shouted. "One at a time—and it'll be a full-time job—because we're goin' back to Stanley!"

With the words he swung the tiller, catching a chance between two seas, and hauled his sheet, keeping it fast

around his wrist. The little boat reeled. The water poured over the gunwale.

"Set up to win'ard a minute!" yelled Useless.

He dragged at Mr. Rapp until he had him wedged between his own knees and the weather side of the boat. The weight trimmed the craft, but still she heeled dizzily under the hard weight of the wind. She began to buzz along, close-hauled, and Useless' lips moved silently as he tried to reckon up his position.

"Keep her before it!" screamed Davy Jones. "That's what he said. You can't never find the island—"

"You go on bailin', Davy. I stood at the wheel hours enough to know how she steered, didn't I? You do as yer bid, laddie, and leave me to get Mr. Rapp ashore. The man's like to die."

"Good enough for him!" yelled Davy Jones, but fell to bailing just the same. The other two men crouched forward in the slashing spray, glowering aft.

After two hours, when Useless had lost all feeling in his feet from the cold, Mr. Rapp aroused himself and peered at the drifting snow.

"Keep her before it!" he said hoarsely. "There's a refuge hut on Staten Land! Hear what—"

He saw the grim, fixed face of Useless; was gently but firmly pushed back below the gunwale, out of the flying spray.

"Damn your soul!" he screamed, and tried to take the tiller.

The effort beat him. But two seamen saw it, heard him, and crept aft. They flung themselves awkwardly at Useless.

"Put her before the wind, you long stiff!" they yelled.

Useless tried to stand to meet them. His feet let him down. Swiftly he removed the tiller, beat them down with it, and caught the boat before she fell away and filled.

"Refuge huts ain't no good for you, mister. It's a doctor you need," he muttered, shivering with more than cold—for Mr. Rapp was cursing horridly, and it seemed wicked for a man to curse so near death.

THROUGHOUT the night Useless steered, and as the boat fought her way sturdily to windward, kept going by his cunning alone, he felt the resolve to reach Port Stanley grow into an obsession. As the chill crept up his legs until only the upper part of his body seemed alive, he experienced something of the martyr's exaltation. Mr. Rapp could be angry at him for refusing to take the easiest course to get the men to safety; he, Useless, would be stubborn, too, in Mr. Rapp's own behalf.

Then dawn came, gray and bitter. Useless gathered ice from the bilge and sucked it. He made the men do the same, and he pushed a piece between Mr. Rapp's unresponsive lips. He didn't like the way Mr. Rapp was behaving. The man was cold, stiff, and making no effort. Useless peeled off his own wet jacket and tucked it around the second mate's body, where the blood was.

Through the screaming day he sat motionless at the tiller, not daring to trust the other men. And toward night he saw the distant loom of the southerly tip of the Falklands. He hardly hoped to reach them; for now the wind fell light, the sea subsided in that subtle fashion which Cape Horn seas take when a calm is imminent. There may be only few days of calm in those bleak seas, but when they occur they are deadly for vessels dependent on sail. Often now Useless felt Mr. Rapp's heart. It still beat, but the man lay inert.

"Mr. Rapp! The land's in sight!" he shouted at him. Again and again he bawled the words. "We'll be openin' out the harbor soon—Stanley harbor!"

Mr. Rapp seemed to hear at last. He tried to rise, but fell heavily, and groaned.

Then the wind flew around and began to blow strongly again from the west. Useless scarcely believed it.

"Bail her, lads!" he yelled. "Here's our fair wind! Who's yer navigator now?"

SO intent was he upon his job that he had forgotten his own personal problem. There was the land, and here was a fair wind. The little boat sped fast before wind and sea, and in the morning the land lay broad abeam.

The harbor was reached. Passing up, a steamer was seen at anchor—a steamer with battered bows. The boat was sighted, and the harbor tug came fussing along to take her in tow for the landing place.

Then Useless felt his exaltation subside. On the wharf was a little crowd of men, and policemen were among them. They were pointing to the boat, and a man in charge of the policemen was eagerly indicating somebody in the boat and talking to them. He was pointing straight at Useless, who, no longer wholly occupied with the boat's safety, tried to raise Mr. Rapp to the seat beside him.

The boat came to the wharf. Useless hugged Mr. Rapp to him, afraid because he was so cold, so stiff.

"Get this man to a doctor—quick!" he shouted. The policemen stepped down to the boat. "You don't have to worry about me. My feet is froze. I can't get away." He was ignored; they raised Mr. Rapp's cap.

"Is this the man?" demanded one policeman of the man with him.

"Sure it is! I see him wallop Chunky with a blackjack—but I wasn't stoppin' to see. He was after me for his hell-ship too!"

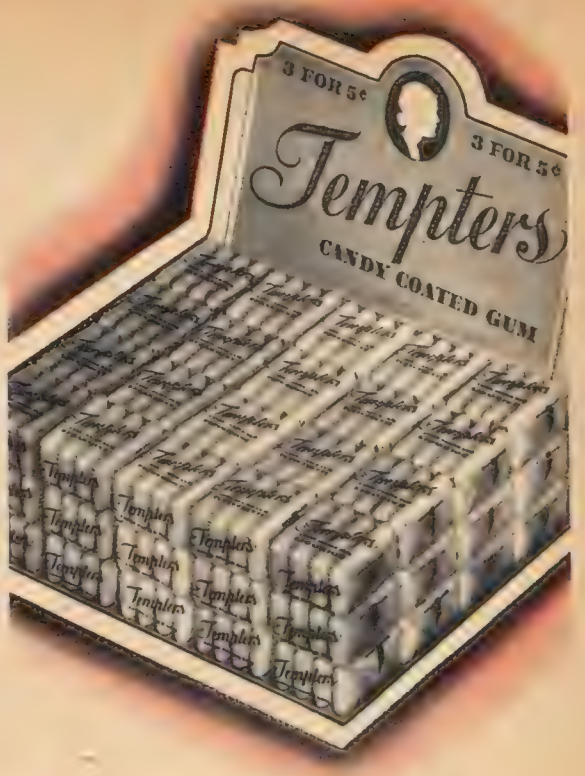
The policemen unclasped Useless' arms and lifted Mr. Rapp.

"He's dead," they said shortly.

"Good enough for him!" laughed Davy Jones wildly.

"I ain't sorry," muttered Useless, looking on dazedly. "It don't feel too good to be comin' home to get hung."

THE END



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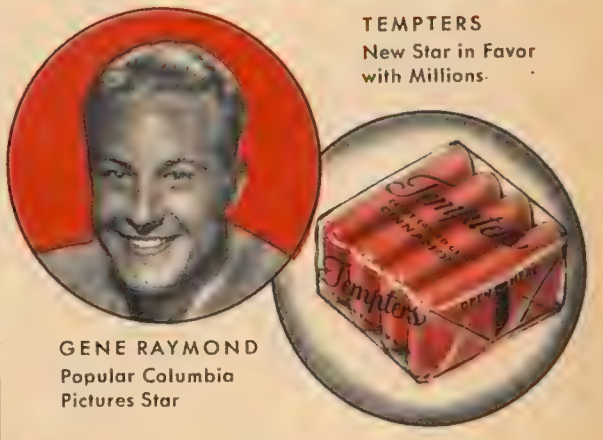

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PART VIII—B. J. DEALS WITH A COUPLE OF VIPERS, AND SO THE STORY ENDS

IF it was not for certain things, Lottie, I would not be dictating any history today, being as I am harassed from this side and that by domestic problems and what have you. But Vogel arrives tomorrow, and after he arrives, what with all the plans I am making for his entertainment and enlightenment, I will have little time, if any, for this work.

As I gaze backwards in review, I shudder, Lottie, at the gigantic task I set upon myself in a couple of weeks to set down a few of the major events of my various colored life. In what I have written, I ask myself, have I revealed something of this fleeting soul, this elusive spirit which is me, B. J. Hasdid? Alas, I cannot say for sure.

I have striven to give to mankind a glimpse of the era on which I left my imprint. And so in this final chapter I will discourse more or less freely upon those electric years 'twixt 1918 and 1933, giving my opinion—as kindly as possible, my nature being one always to radiate sunshine—of certain world figures who have sprung up quite sudden and are having a certain heyday; also a glimpse into the future which lies ever beyond.

Abroad wild men are in the seats of the mighty—such men as Mussolini and Hitler. The former I frankly am doubtful about. Until I have seen his greatness with my own eyes I will be pardoned if I continue to view him as a spurious. The formidability of his visage and his constant frown do not impress me. I have seen too much of the same thing in Clark P. Muckross, my chief business competitor. I want something bigger and better in a man before I can commit a genuine flexion. What has Mussolini done for his country in an artistic way? My answer is—*rien de tout.* (After all, Lottie, we have nothing in English so complete, so devastating, so thoroughly committal as the Frenchman's frank and unabashful *rien de tout.* Our English equivalent, "nothing whatsoever," is weak by comparison.)

Turning to the field of agricultures, in which he is supposed to have done so well, my reply there is, "No bananas!" From early childhood I have always associated Italians and bananas, as one associates snails and Frenchmen, or roast beef and Englishmen. Yet, if one goes to Italy, what does one find? No bananas! I searched for days—all in vain.

Going further into Mussolini's record, I also ask, what about Vesuvius? There stands a menace to the happiness of millions of people, and what has he ever done to solve it? Again I say, *rien de tout!* It remains there—an open sore. A big problem, you say, to which I reply, what of it? The bigger the problem, the bigger the man, as I said last month in a ringing speech before the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, when I was applauded to the very echo. I would bid Benito ponder well the wisdom of Gandhi, that grand old Indian—though not a redskin—when he cried, "If ye mountain will not come to Mahatma, Mahatma must go to ye mountain."

A great soul, this Gandhi, who like myself is a pioneer. His discovery of the theory of nonresistance ranks him with such a man as Einstein, although nonresistance works better among his own people, who are by nature torpid anyhow. It would be a suicide to try it in Hollywood, where a lot of writers, actors, and directors are just waiting for a man to give them an inch, so as they can trample over his prostrate form.

As for Hitler, we are too close to him, as 'twere, to get a good bird's-eye view of the man. Though at the moment I am frankly suspicious, nay doubtful, I feel it is only fair to suspend judgment until the man has had a fair chance. Perhaps I am out of key with all these young interlopers, because at heart I am a royalist. Like Napoleon, I am a loyal Bourbon, who believes that a misguided king is always a little better than a capable commoner.

Coming to our own country, I pause to look askance at Roosevelt. He suffers under the handicap of being a Democrat, but I am prone to applaud Franklin for his stand in showing up these wolfs whose sheep's clothing, which is not even a good wool and has already shrunk to such a state that they are practically nude. Drive them one and all out of the temple, say I, such as Morgan, who waits in lurk for unsuspecting victims in high places. I come very near being one myself, for I remember well the day when J. P. called me up over long distance, as he frequently did to ask my advice on a touchy problem, and offered me a place on his preferred list. I told him with indignation that I was not a man whose favors could be bought, and that he could keep his gifts with a string tied on them for those as was less loyal to their government and their fellow brothers than B. J. Hasdid. Besides which, the stocks he was offering me paid merely a lousy seven per cent and was not charity at any price.

And so I say, gather them in one and all, these renegades who would try to short-change our government when it comes to making out an income tax. They prey on the bounty of this, the fairest land in God's universe, and then wink at the little tribute it exacts. Such a conduct is to me contumelious, to say the least. Which reminds me, Lottie—I would like you to make an appointment to have Abe Schlossel, my income-tax expert, to come over here tomorrow. There are one or two matters in my last report I would like to have him go into with me. What with all this investigation going on into a man's private affairs, there are a couple of things which the government's agents might easily misconstrue, as at

Gentleman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK SWAIN

"You dirty little snake!" I hissed, fixing Lottie with my eye.

a time like this the innocent are just as like as not to suffer with the guilty.

The same spirit of unrest, dissatisfaction, and greed which has infested the rest of the world has found a foothold in Hollywood, with writers, actors, and directors doing their utmost to bite the hand that feeds them. Back in 1932 they was drafting a Code of Practice, which was to give them a right to dictate to us producers. And now the other departments are sounding the warning. The soundmen are the last to be heard from. (I want you should keep that in, Lottie, about the soundmen being heard from. A note of levity in a serious history like this is not altogether askance, in my opinion.) They are unionizing and on a strike, which is only a step from Communism, and why not go to Russia and join the brotherhood and be done with it?

Personally, if this revolution keeps up, I shall move out and go to Florida and make my own pictures, leaving California to the mercy of these warring factionaries of writers, actors, soundmen, and what have you. I will do for Florida what I did for California.

And yet, Lottie, I know full well that I cannot do it. In this present dark hour when a Daniel is needed to come to judgment, shall a good shepherd desert his sheep? I do not need, Lottie, to be responsive to that question.

. . . . .

Dear Sister Fannie:

If ever I needed your help, I need it now, and I am not

"EVEN HIS WORST FRIENDS TOLD HIM!"

THEY SURE DID—when they recovered! But recovering from the K.O. of that sullen, soupy pipe was harder than holing a golf ball from a sand trap!

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making you a touch or anything like that. Of course, Fannie, when you asked me to transfer you to the New York office, on account of you not being able to live in Hollywood, what with Ben gone and everything reminding you of him, I thought you was maybe making an error—on account of how could anybody ever want to live in New York after they had lived in God's country, which is sunny California? But, now I thank God that you persuaded me to let you, for I need some one there I can trust.

I will spare you the details, Fannie, and come right to the point, as is my customs—and besides I am not used to writing letters, as I have dictated all my life to other people and holding a pen gives me the cramps. I don't know as I wrote you about my biography, of which I will not go into details here, only to say that, though I should say it as don't, it looks like one of the biggest things of its kind ever attempted. And Carl Vogel, who is the Fannie Hurst of Germany, come over to put it into shape. I have done all the actual labor, y'understand, while all he has to do is to fit the pieces together, like as if it was a puzzle—and all he gets for his labors is a lousy $50,000.

Although I am never one to criticize my fellow man, Fannie, this Vogel is, if I was so disposed to be frank and open, a washout. To begin with, I got no use for a little man, unless it was Napoleon, and Vogel looks like a midget who had outgrowed his elders, but not much. Second, I got no patience with a man who is eaten up with fear. I had a Welcome Vogel Committee, which was composed of Marion Davies, Virginia Carter, Cerise La Belle, and Mary Pickford, who was to flock around him as he landed and shower him with the kiss of hospitality. I guess he thought it was blackmail which would get back in time to Frau Vogel's ears, for he fought like a steer; but being kind of weak from the voyage, the girls finally wore him down and we gets him into a limousine.

WELL, he was just as afraid of cars as he was of women—but all this was nothing to the way he acted about airplanes, of which he had never ridden in one, and which a fortune teller had told him never to go near, as he would meet his death in one some day. Well, I see right at the start that the best thing I can do is to help him overcome his fear, and what is more he had come all the way from Germany to learn the truth about me at the first hand, so I let him have it.

Well, Fannie, after five days I was all wore out. For a man who has written all they say he has, he has next to nothing to say—which threw me the conversational burden, and I am, as you know, never one to shift my burden, although a great deal of talking exhausts me very quickly. All Vogel would do would be to look up at me now and then like as if he had never seen my equal, which is a flattery the first couple of dozen times but a nuisance hereafter. And once in a great while he would say, "So?"—a word which in any language has always griped me.

Of course he made it all the harder for me by being as poor a linguist as ever I met up with. Naturally I begun right at the boat speaking German to him to make him feel at home, put him at his ease, and what have you. And, Fannie, believe it or not, I soon discovered he spoke some kind of largo which to an educated ear like mine was so much Choctaw. So I give him a couple of leads in French, which don't get me anything. So I give up the struggle and stuck to English, at which he is no expert either. But I said to myself, "What the hell—I should let my style be cramped, and if he is too much of a cluck to follow me that's his lookout."

AND so, Fannie, as day followed on day I begin to wonder if I hadn't let Jake Strauss sick me onto a biographical lemon, and several times I have been on the verge of giving him (I mean Vogel) his money and telling him to get the hell out, that I would better write my own autobiography, which would at least have some guts. Then came last night.

One of the big things I had arranged in benefit of Vogel was a Hollywood première, which as you know, Fannie, was one of my enervations, me being the first ever to stage one and to bring ermine and orchids into the importance of which they boast of today. But last night's première, Fannie, made all my other premières pale into significance.

The picture, Fannie, was Strange Intercourse, and will revolutionize talking pictures. Already Stacey Lacey is busy getting out a script so as to capitalize on my ingenerousness. Strange Intercourse introduces a new technique into pictures, which makes it possible for audiences to hear what the characters say and what they think all at the same time but not together, y'understand. As for instance, if I should run into Lem Gettin and would say, "Hello, Lem—how's your last picture?" and he was to say, "It's a knockout, B. J.," and I was to reply, "So I hear," but quick as a flash you would hear me think, "It's dying on its feet, but you wouldn't never admit it, you old liar," and so on etcetera. You can see for yourself without my telling you, Fannie, that there is no limits to this technique, and I am now trying to pry Mae West loose from Paramount for just one picture; for if what Mae says is good, what she would be thinking would be a panic.

Well, to be brief, Fannie, after the picture come one of my famous sociables at Villa Barburetta, which undone everything I ever threw before in the way of a party. I had Duke Castleman's jazz orchestra in the ballroom and a twelve-piece orchestra from the Philharmonic in the garden playing Brahms, although you couldn't hear them, what with every-

body eating and chattering. You would think any man would have been proud of all I was doing in his name and people flattering him right and left and making a fawn out of him. But Vogel is much more like a Swede than a German. He takes it all as a matter of course, and all he seems interested in doing is to lay down somewhere or else sit, like as if he was subject to sleeping sickness, until we reach the ballroom, which I want he should see in its glory, and as we enter Elvira Perez is up on the platform in front of the orchestra doing her famous number of the Evolution of the Navel, with song and gesture. I have seen Elvira do this a hundred times, but still and all I can get a kick out of it; and as for Vogel, it was the first time since he come over that I had seen him respond to anything. He was all for booking her up then and there for the whole evening, and I had to practically drag him off to the library of which I wanted him to see. And I think he wants to know Elvira better, who he says is so quaint and refreshing, so I said okay, I would fix it up.

Well, to get on, Fannie—we get to the library, and there is Lottie waiting for me, who she has come up after the première to finish typing off the dictation I have give her of my life's history, so as Vogel can get a close-up of me and my achievements, which would save us a lot of time and me doing so much talking. So I tell Lottie she can stay in the library, where she will be quiet, and finish typing off her notes, and Vogel and I go out into the garden, where I was introducing him to everybody he hadn't met before, and you couldn't hear yourself think, what with a couple of hundred people screaming and chattering till it sounded like a bird apiary during the mating season.

AND we was just stopping for a second to pass the time of day with Virginia Carter, who was posed by accident against a white rose bush in a Juliet cap and a shell-pink something or other, with the Countess Ricardo Bonelli on one side and "Waffles" Drake on the other (him and Virginia are just buddies, that's all), and Virginia was just in the act of telling Vogel—for the tenth time since he come over—in her quaint Southern accent, that he was "just too adoh-able," when Winnie Walters, who I loathe and despise, elbows her way to my side, with a plate of fruit salad in one hand and a slab of solid chocolate cake in the other, and begins to shoot off her mouth. She yoohoos to "Mr. Bogle," getting his name every way but right, as is her customs, and swings round to me.

"I been looking everywhere for you, B. J.," she rattles. "I wanted to tell you what a scrumptious picture you've got—simply scrumptious! Of course I didn't care much for the story. I *don't* like morbid stories. What I always say is, life is morbid enough as it is. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Bogle?"

But nobody will ever know, Fannie, if Vogel did or didn't, for before he could snap out of his trance Winnie was way ahead of him. Somebody once said as how Winnie must be equipped with a full set of gills like a fish, for she don't never stop long enough to breathe like a normal person would through his pores or his sarcophicus or what have you.

"Well, anyhow," she gallops on, "I liked the treatment, and Maurice Touchstone is practically my favorite director. I've seen him take the most impossible material—dross, I sometimes call it—and turn it into pure gold. He didn't have much help from his cast, but he wasn't to blame for that, I imagine. What I have always said is, these stage people may be all right on the *stage*, but *what* have they done out *here?* I'm *sure* the picture will make oodles of money—simply oodles—at least in the urban centers like New York. New Yorkers are morbid anyhow, so they'll know what it's all about."

WINNIE shovels in a forkful of salad and bites off a hunk of cake, but I don't mean to enemate that she stopped talking.

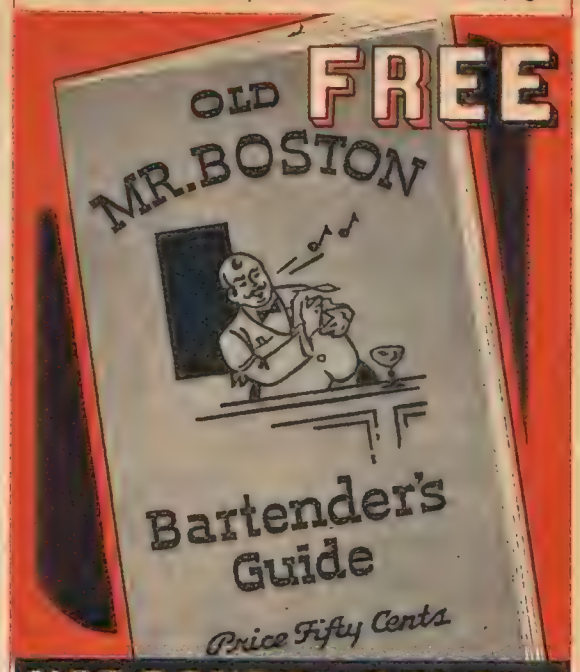
"And now, B. J.," she continues, without a second's pause, "I want to know what *you* know about David and this certain young somebody he's going about with. I've been hearing whispers for *days*, but, as you know, B. J., I *never* print anything I haven't authenticated. My motto is, 'The truth, no matter whom it hurts.' Now I want the low-down. Is it serious or is it just one of those things?" Upon which Winnie lifts her carefully plucked eyebrows and gives Virginia and her two buddies a wink.

Fannie, was I sizzling? I am already smarting over the dirty insinuendoes that wench has dished out about Strange Intercourse, and here she is pouring acid on a wound which has been festering in me for several days. And of course, with Winnie screaming at the top of her lungs, which is her customs, we was drawing a crowd, and I was boiling within and seething and what have you.

"I got no faintest notion of what you are talking about," I says, controlling my voice as best I can. Winnie she screams louder than ever at this, and nods right and left to her audience, which is growing bigger though not better.

"Isn't he a scream?" she cackles, and then turns back to me. "I think I love you most, B. J., when you're trying to be nave. Why, David and this young whoozie go *every*where together—well, not *every*where, either, for they do say that she's not exactly the sort of girl a young iconoclast exhibits. I do hope it's only one of David's little frolics. He'll be a big power in pictures some day and need a wife he won't have to hide. I'm sure every other big man in pictures today is saddled with a wife he's trying to hide. As Peter Chase said the other day, Hollywood's motto seems to be, 'Marry in pleasure, and repent

Vol. 1 . . Every other week . . No. 6



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I love my neighbor as myself, but Winnie Walters is one bell whose neck I long to ring.

in haste.' I do hope David won't make such a mistake."

And whereupon Winnie draws her ermine jacket—the one F. X. Gelleger gave her last Christmas—as somebody remarked, to insure peace on earth and good will toward his pictures—about her and prepares to leave. "I really must run," she declares. "My husband is over there, *glowering* at me. If I'm not in bed by midnight he don't give me a moment's peace.

"Well, B. J.," she concludes, smiling up at me, "if that's the way you feel, I wouldn't dream of announcing David's engagement. I'll just put it in my Rumor Hath It column. Then if I'm wrong—and goodness knows I'm human—there's no harm done. Good-by, everybody! See you tomorrow, Virginia!" And with which Winnie waddles off, finishing her chocolate cake and shoveling in another forkful of salad.

Fannie, I am one, as you know, who loves my neighbor as myself and who has always abode by the Golden Rule which is to do unto others, but Winnie Walters is one bell whose neck I long to ring.

But I knew that David was mixed up somehow, for Rosetta had hinted as much, and so I send Vogel off to bed, which he seems glad to do, and looks around for David. Well, he is not where I expect to find him, which is in the receiving line, but has gone off somewhere, leaving the honors to Rosetta and Celeste and Hedda Hopper. So I make the rounds of the house and garden, working myself into a tumor.

You know, Fannie, how I have always loved David and made sacrifices for him and this and that, and here he is not only leaving college out of season but getting himself entrailed with some dish-face little blonde, and maybe taking her serious. Why, to tie himself up at his age with some unequal would be to strangulate his future in its very infancy, and also play beer and scuttles with all my plans, which among other things was to marry him into the aristocracy.

All this, Fannie, was threshing around in my brain as I went from one room to another looking for David, but finding naughts of him, till something told me I should try the library, which the average person wouldn't never have thought of, as Lottie was in there typing, as I told you. But I never overlook a hunch, and this was a good one.

I opened the door, Fannie, and looked in. In a flash I can see David in an embrace over at the far end of the room, but being as the library is a big room where I have plenty of space for walking up and down when I am threshing out an idea and letting the chaff fall where it may, I couldn't make out right on the instance whom it was. But while I was trying to figure it all out, they must have become conscious of my personality in the room and both looked up. Fannie, I was flabbergassed! For the girl was no other but Lottie Graham. And then, Fannie, like a bolt of thunder it came over me. Lottie was the mucus!

FANNIE, I will not bore you with any small details, but I saw red. My brain took fire. I lost all my control. All the primitive man in me rose to the surface, and for all I am highly civilized I am yet and all, Fannie, a simple soul, a child of nature, like a table you give a veneer finish to but all the time underneath it is solid mahogany. The door which I still held in my hand crashed to behind me—I can hear it now—and I moved forward, my head down, my breath coming and going, my whole being in a focus on these two figures which was crouched in the corner of the library waiting for me to spring—which I lost no time in doing.

"You dirty little snake!" I hissed, fixing Lottie with my eye. "You disloyal little conniverer! All the time you been carrying on behind my back and laughing in your sleeve, you little—"

"I don't think you better say any more; I really don't," murmurs David, taking the scene away from me without any to-do, his face now a gassly white. But though I heard all, saw all, I was obliverous of everything save Lottie Graham, the woman who had betrayed me.

"I been like a father to you," I goes on relentless, "and you do this thing to me! I love my son, and you know it. You think you'll feather your dirty nest by getting him in your toils! But you're wrong, y'understand? You won't get a penny, you lousy little bum."

"Be quiet, do you hear me?" cries David, his voice rising with a menace.

"Get out of my house, Lottie Graham," I replies, not hearing him, "before I kill you! Get out of Hollywood! If I hear of you being in this town tomorrow by noon, I'll have you run out."

"Oh, no, you won't!" says David, who leaves Lottie and comes up to me like a man, till I could practically feel his hot breath on my cheek. And before I can recover my astonishment he continues to wit:

"She leaves this town when she damn' well chooses. And she'll leave it with dignity, a word whose meaning is quite unknown to the likes of you!"

You will hardly believe it, Fannie, that David could ever speak so unguarded to the giver of his life, which was me, his father. But so it was.

"Now you listen to me," he plunges on, getting himself into deeper waters. "I'll give you just two seconds to leave this room. If you are foolish enough to call my bluff, I am going to show you something in the way

of action that will warm your moving-picture heart."

And before I can say yea or nay David takes a quick step to the library table and seizes a jade elephant that reposes there—and one of the finest in all my collection—all of which created a gasp in me and caused me to fear for the consequences. But before I could voice myself with words he wheels and says as follows:

"I'll smash every blamed thing in this library, beginning with that portrait of a great bully which hangs over your fireplace. And if that don't settle you, I'll find something that will dent ivory and get to work on the man who sat for the portrait. I'm like my mother in one regard at least —I don't make idle threats."

It was a tense moment, Fannie, as we stood there glaring at each other, taking our measures. And David didn't flinch one wit, and I saw in a flash that he meant business. So, to spare him the sorrow of striking his sire, I turned with dignity to the door and made a quiet exit. And being as I was in no condition to mingle socially with my guests, I withdrew to my chamber where I could collect myself.

And it was as it always is with me, Fannie, who am a man of quick conception and hasty delivery but who my passions are quick to cool, and I begin to see I had maybe been too harsh with Lottie, who after all is not to be blamed if she falls a victim to David's charms; for, after all, if a boy inherits certain qualities he cannot hide them under a bushel, and women who grow to love us should be pitied but not altogether censored. And I felt proud of David, that he had defended Lottie, which is just the way I would have handled the situation if my father had ever give me his opinion of Rosetta, and I knew when morning came I could make David see that he was making a mistake and that Lottie, while a good girl and smarter than most, was not the woman he should allow to marry him, and so on and so on until sleep laid its gentle hand on my brow and I fell into a coma.

WELL, to be brief, Fannie, when morning comes I hurry up to David's room, which is vacant and his bed not slept in, and as I come out into the hall I run into a maid, who when I ask her tells me in a hushed voice that David has left for New York on the early A. M. plane. I hurry down to the studio to get hold of Lottie, who I can always depend on to straighten things out when I run into a muck, but she is late for the first time since she started working for me—which is so unusual that I telephone her at her apartment, but don't get any answer. So I finally get the super of the building, who informs me Lottie has left for New York on the early morning plane. Well, Fannie, it is as plain as the nose on your face that my suspicions was correct all along and that her and David has gone off together.

Well, Fannie, I don't have to tell a bright woman like you always been what a hell of a day this has been for me. First of all, right off I have to ring Winnie Walters and give her a line of talk, telling her as how I knew all about this all along but I couldn't breathe it to a soul, not even to her, bless her heart, as I am in honor bound and so on, and that I and Rosetta are in the seven heavens, Lottie being like one of our own family, our only disappointment being that we had planned a real wedding at the Beverly Hills Cathedral with all the fixings, but the kids insisted on eloping, and so forth etcetera. For, Fannie, I couldn't let that Walters belle think she or anybody else had put anything over on me.

Now, Fannie, to make a long story short, I am a broken-hearted father who has lost his son, the zion of his house, on whom all his hopes were setting. And I wouldn't have minded this loss so much if he hadn't gone and married Lottie. He had the pick and choose of all the women in America, and maybe Europe too, and yet he had to go and take my secretary. What am I going to do without her, Fannie?

AND now, to come at what I've been driving at, Fannie, here is how you can help me. I want you should find David and Lottie, who they are somewhere in New York, and make my peace with them. They are maybe sore at something I said last night, and I don't want they should start off their married life with the sun going down on their anger. Ask them to forgive me, and even if they don't, Fannie, I want you should give David a thousand dollars—no, damn it, make it five! Those two went off half cocked, and they won't have no money to speak of, and David has had his heart set on touring the world, and while he was planning to work his own way around, he can't expect his wife to work hers, and I want they should travel in style *de luxe*. And you tell him from me that when he's spent that he can damn' well come on home and do his writing. I always say, if a man has anything to say, he can say it one place as well as another.

And ask Lottie where in aitch she put that speech of mine she put into words for me I am to deliver next week at the Motion Picture Exhibitors' Banquet at the Ambassador. I got to memorize it so that I can speak it impromptu. Wouldn't you think, Fannie, a girl would leave everything in order before leaving a man that way without even giving him notice?

That's the younger generation for you, Fannie! No thought for others, but only self, self—first, last, and always—self! It is, I verily believe, Fannie, man's greatest inhumanity to man. I hope to write a book on this burning subject some day, and I shall call it Self!!

Your loving brother,
B. J. HASDID.

THE END

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Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

PUT FAMILY SKELETONS ON RECORD TO BEAT CRIME

OMAHA, NEB.—In his valuable article Fingerprint Everybody! published in Liberty of October 28, 1933, Mr. Rupert Hughes contributed a splendid theory for the advancement of criminology.

I quite agree with Mr. Hughes in his recommendation that all of us should be fingerprinted, but by no means would I stop there. Fingerprints are of great help in the identification of the criminal after the crime. But to prevent murder is of greater importance than to punish the murderer. Again, some of the criminals may quit leaving fingerprints.

Let us *register everybody;* and, through a system of keeping tab on the populace, let us ascertain who's who among us. Let us establish a system of registration and certification, including traveling privileges and a business census.

Let us find out, before the damage is done, what business is being indulged in by the man or the group of men who are selling contracts away from home. When any one is suspected of a crime, let us require him to give detailed information as to his business; and let us provide means of ascertaining whether or not his business is a racket. Such a system would be valuable in the detection of all classes of criminals.

In every city the police and the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney receive many inquiries as to suspicious business institutions of their city. These inquiries come from victims. The officers are usually helpless. A federal registration system created by Congress, with the coöperation of state legislatures and city councils, would give early relief.

The registration recommended would require every person moving to a new location to bring his family skeleton with him, if he has one. And that family skeleton would be registered. All police officers could see it, and drag it out if necessary. Every citizen could be required to give information as to his guests, his newly acquired tenants. Every apartment house and hotel could be required to know their guests and tenants. And they would all be fingerprinted too.

It would, of course, be an expensive undertaking; but it would greatly retard crime, and it would be of great assistance in the apprehension of criminals.

The national administration, either under existing laws or under provisions yet to be enacted, could establish a plan for registration, with the coöperation of the cities and states. It could be established in as short a time as was the NRA. Why not?—*Ambrose C. Epperson, Assistant U. S. Attorney, District of Nebraska.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*

Mr. Epperson's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and he has been sent $25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

CAPITAL-LABOR WAR

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In the confusion of thought over present-day money problems, our only hope is to think straight from the ground up. Our national administration is trying to balance man power (today's labor) and money power (accumulated labor credits of many yesterdays).

Theoretically, the custodians of capital should use it to provide more work for those who labor, but the system became so top-heavy that the mass of accumulated labor credits of the past (capital) has been invested for just one purpose—more dividends on itself for the exclusive benefit of its custodians.

Living labor's return has been a resultant by-product reluctantly shared, until the true picture has been terribly distorted.

Past labor's accumulating credits (money) have actually been at war with today's living labor.

NRA is the dawn of a new peace movement. It is a great awakening to some of these simple human appreciations.

The details and technique of readjustment must be in the hands of a masterful leader to show us how. Personally, I feel that in President Roosevelt we have that leadership.—*William H. Crawford, Director Industrial Development, San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.*

THE NEVER-NEVER BOY IS NOT APPRECIATED

Our readers have swamped us with letters on the statement of Roy Robert Smith of Denver, Colo., in the April 7 Liberty, that he has lived a life closely approximating that of a saint, never at the age of thirty-six having done any of the countless things other men are prone to do. We print below excerpts from several of these letters.—VOX POP EDITOR.

HOUSTON, TEX.—I would urge Mr. Roy Robert Smith to consult a brain specialist immediately.—*Beatrice Simmons.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Why publish what Roy Robert Smith has never done? What a lot of drivel, and what a waste of time! Who cares, in the first place?—*Ruth Janet Ryan.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I think the *only* place for Roy Robert Smith is in a museum.—*A. C. Halbert.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Ask Roy Robert Smith one more question: Does he eat hay? If not, he is not a fit companion for man or beast.—*V. O. McWilliams.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Please advise Mr. Smith that while on this earth we are supposed to *do things,* and if he doesn't watch his step he will get a *knot* around his neck.—*William L. Van Dyke.*

BROWNSVILLE, TEX.—Regarding Roy Smith, the never-never boy: please tell me what he wanted to live thirty-six years for?

May I suggest that you present him to Mae West?—for evidently she has missed him so far.—*Jack Vaughn.*

CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.—As I read Roy Robert Smith's letter, my hair, which is straight, slowly began to curl. Can any human being in his right mind be proud of a life which consists of negative accomplishments?—*Mary Martin.*

WE'RE ALL INVITED

CHICAGO, ILL.—This is to invite all Vox Poppers and would-be Vox Poppers to be here on June 30, 1934, to witness the spectacular pageant The Epic of the Prairie State, to be staged on Soldier Field under the sponsorship of the Illinois Police Association.

Great natural disasters like the Ice Age, which made Illinois the Prairie State; Indian fights, including the Fort Dearborn Massacre; the Lincoln-Douglas Debates; the Chicago Fire, the Haymarket Riot, and other momentous events will be vividly and authentically reproduced.—*Elmer Gertz, Director of Public Relations for the Illinois Police Association.*

TAX THE GAMBLERS

VINELAND, N. J.—Homes are the bulwarks of the nation, and when thousands of homes are being sold for delinquent taxes the tax question becomes vital. One member of a state legislature is quoted as saying: "I represent one million delinquent taxpayers—for every pupil who graduates this June there will be ten persons going to the poorhouse."

The thousands of inhabitants who enjoy the protection and privileges of government, but who do not pay any real taxes, throw a greater burden on the home owner. Now deprived of an income, his savings frozen or lost in a closed bank, his struggle to save the shelter for which he worked and saved to acquire is a grim story of deprivation and sacrifice.

Pop

Mr. Bernarr Macfadden points to the remedy. In his editorial Tax Gambling —Annul Fool Gambling Laws, in the April 7 Liberty, he says: "The government can then through taxation add hundreds of millions to its annual intake . . . Government or state lotteries could be held that would give the people an opportunity to play legally an honest game of chance."

This is good hard common sense. It is the solution of the real-estate tax question. The need of relief is so urgent that Congress should repeal the gambling laws at once, so that the legislatures may establish state lotteries immediately for the relief of the taxpayers.—*W. H. Fenton.*

SOAK THE RACKETEERS

DETROIT, MICH.—Your editorial Tax Gambling—Annul Fool Gambling Laws should receive serious consideration by our lawmakers. I read that over $1,000,000 a day is bet on the ponies in New York City alone. Why tax the poor man's bread and the baby's milk and let racketeers run a billion-dollar business free from taxes?—*P. A. Walsh, Attorney.*

COLLEENS AND PIGS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—This organization, representing several thousand members in Greater New York, has been deluged with complaints regarding the cover of March 17 Liberty, by Leslie Thrasher, presenting what is supposed to be an Irish colleen and a pig dashing between her feet.

The pig is not peculiar to Ireland and there is not the least excuse for depicting it as symbolic of anything Irish. There are many far more distinctive emblems, such as the Round Tower, the harp, the wolfhound, and the Tara Brooch, all of which could be used with artistic effect and are characteristically Irish.—*Eugene Twomey, National Secretary, Fianna Fail, Inc., the Irish Republican Party of America.*

ANOTHER PROTEST

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Liberty covers are often interesting, sometimes beautiful. But the one of March 17 would hardly fit in either class. Certainly it is not an Irish masterpiece. The beauty of the women of Ireland is far-famed and needs no comment, and as a reader of Irish history and folklore, I do not recall their daughters engaged in any such pastime as chasing pigs.—*Corinne Kiley.*

THE ARTIST EXPLAINS

The Irish costume was hired from a regular costumer who recommended it as an authentic Irish country costume.

The model donned the dress, and while I was trying to figure out a suitable pose she suggested the one finally used and the idea of the pig.

The girl said she had been raised on a farm and that the little pigs, which were very cute, often ran between the feet and very nearly knocked one over.

Certainly no offense was meant to any one.—*Leslie Thrasher.*

[At the Consulate General of the Irish Free State in New York we are informed the replica of a pig decorates one side of the Irish Free State ha'penny, the design of a harp decorating the other side of the coin.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

THANK YOU, JUDGE

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.—Permit me to express a sincere appreciation of the editorial, in your issue of March 24, on the Child Labor Amendment. The contents therein are well placed, pregnant with common sense, and should wield great influence in shaping public opinion on this complex problem.

I wish further to thank you for the publication of the story No More Belindas. America owes much to its author and to Liberty for the creation and publication of so beautiful a picture of the essentials of the most sacred relation of the sexes.—*F. X. Ransdell, Judge, Sixth Judicial District Court of Louisiana.*

PHOTOGRAPH THE MEDIUM

CONCORD, TENN.—Although I shall probably never have an opportunity to participate in "exposing" spiritualistic frauds, I know of no reason to give credence to the idea that there is a living spirit, ectoplasm, or whatever, that continues to exist after cellular death occurs.

I enjoyed the article The Greatest Psychic Chuckle of the Age, in March 10 Liberty, very much, and suggest that an attempt be made to photograph the "spirit" without the medium's knowledge.

I understand that satisfactory photographs can be made by the use of the infra-red ray.—*I. E. Phillips, M. D.*

CALLS FOR "SPIRIT" FACTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The cause of honest research into little known areas of human experience will not be helped by The Greatest Psychic Chuckle of the Age, published in your magazine.

If Dr. and Mrs. Crandon are mistaken in their conclusions, they will acknowledge it without pressure, if facts are truthfully presented in an impartial manner. Mr. Frikell's piece of writing is not such, as is quite plain to a discriminative reader, and I am, for one, deeply grieved that you have allowed the publication of it in your magazine.—*Ilda Heaton.*

WE TAKE A BOW

TORONTO, ONT.—I notice a remarkable improvement in the tone of Vox Pop letters. Presume the twenty-five dollars has done it.

Liberty always has one real article every week. Senator Robinson's Will Japan Seize Alaska? (March 24 issue) and Senator Cutting's Is Private Banking Doomed? (March 31) gave timely and valuable information. That is why I hand Liberty to my friends when I've finished it. This letter is not written to secure the twenty-five dollars.—*C. C. Cottrell.*

CONTENTS

MAY 12, 1934 ● VOL. 11, NO. 19

Editorial 3

Beginning—
Brassbound ..... MARY BICKEL 5
The first choice out of 7,000 First Novels submitted in response to Liberty's 1933 offer to unknown writers

Give Us More Planes or We Perish
GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL 14
The former commander of the A.E.F. Air Forces pleads with his compatriots to safeguard their freedom

A Girl His Own Size—*A story*
MARGARET CULKIN BANNING 20

Protect Children ..... TOM A. BURKE 26

Good Books ..... OLIVER SWIFT 27

Big League Stuff—*Part III*
JOHN J. McGRAW 28

Twenty Questions 34

Stunts—*A short short story*
LEROY CHARLES FLEISCHER 35

Medical, Musical, Marital—*Movie reviews* ..... BEVERLY HILLS 36

The She-Devil—*Part IV*
RUPERT HUGHES 38

Don't Commit Suicide in May!
DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS 44
Science says it's just the weather that makes the urge strongest in spring—Some odd facts for those who feel low in their minds

To the Ladies!
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 46

Cross Word Puzzle 47

Useless—*A story* ..... CAPTAIN DINGLE 48

Every Other Inch a Gentleman—*Conclusion* 54

Vox Pop 60

$3,000 Game of States Contest 62

Cover by ARTHUR SMITH

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Mail subscriptions to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Should you change your address, notify us promptly. Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY NOW!

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT

CLAIM YOUR CASH AWARD

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
100 PRIZES, each $10	1,000
230 PRIZES, each $5	1,150
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	$3,000

HERE'S another quartet of state maps to add to the set you will eventually enter in Liberty's cash prize Game of States. Perhaps you will not need to refer to the clues supplied beneath each in order to identify and bound them. Perhaps additional aid will prove helpful, in which case you will undoubtedly find a United States map of assistance. Consult as many references as you wish. And remember that an ornate entry is not required.

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

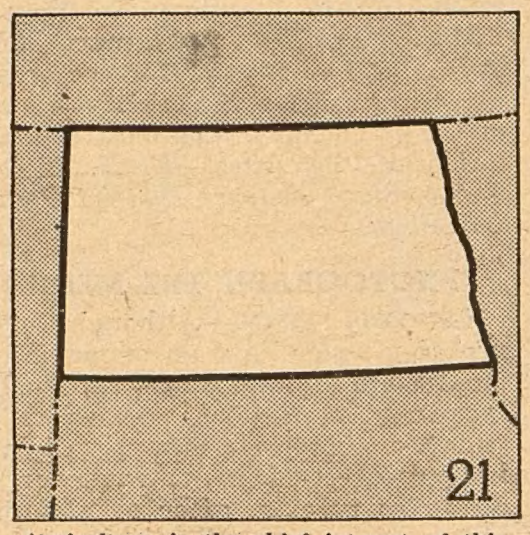
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 6



Agriculture is the chief interest of this state, wheat being its principal crop. It is bounded on the east by the state in which the Mississippi River has its source.

Name of state .....

Bounded by .....

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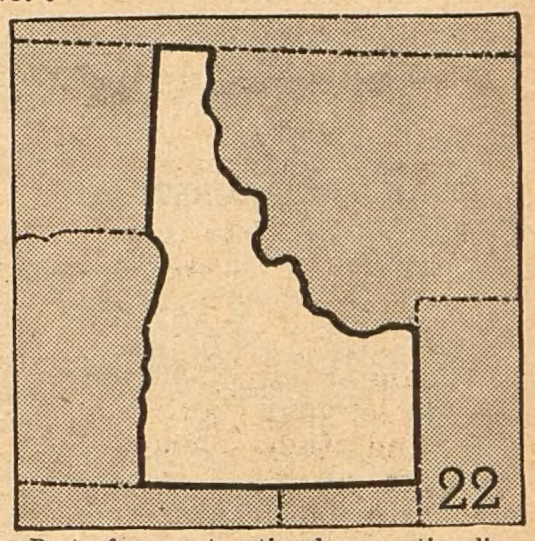

Part of a great national reservation lies within this state, one of whose eastern neighbors is a state which is important for its production of copper.

Name of state .....

Bounded by .....

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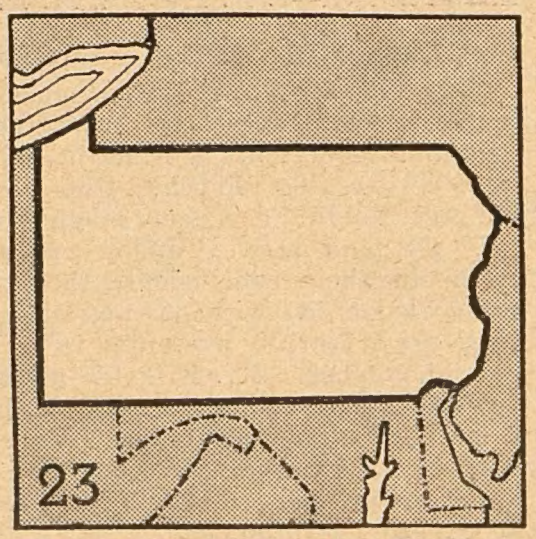

This state ranks first in the manufacture of steel. One of its neighbors on the south is among the great coal-producing commonwealths.

Name of state .....

Bounded by .....

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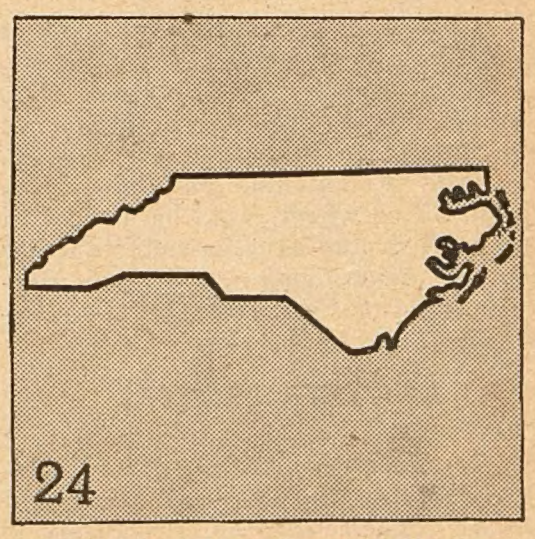


Second only to Massachusetts in the manufacture of cotton goods, this state is adjoined on the north by the natal state of seven former Presidents.

Name of state .....

Bounded by .....

.....

.....

.....

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER!

There is still plenty of time to enter the Patriotic Game of States. If for any reason you do not possess the first five sets of maps they will be supplied to you without charge upon request. Address Late Entry Service, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. State which of the sets you need. They will be mailed to you without delay.

Photo courtesy Ewing Galloway

Sentence these 2,150 American Workers to Hard Labor for 40 years

Suppose any court in the United States were to order the arrest of 2,150 American workers and sentence them to hard labor for 40 years.

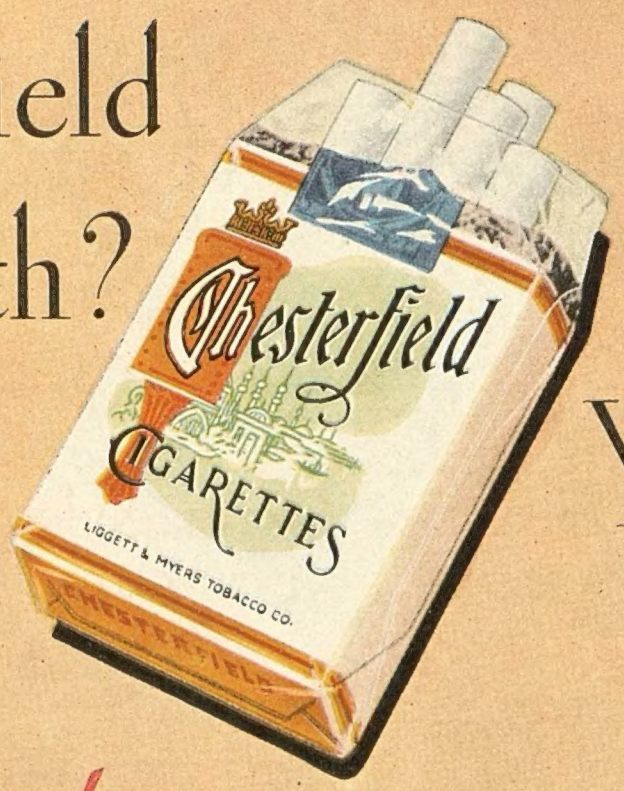
What a terrific outcry *that* action would provoke.

Yet, here is something that nobody cries out about.

If 2,150 workers were to be forced to labor for 40 years at an annual wage of $2,500 each, their combined earnings would pay the total cost of the World War for *just one day*.

This advertisement, written by Bruce Barton, designed by Pierce Johnson, and presented here through the co-operation of LIBERTY and the courtesy of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE, is the fifth exhibit of an educational campaign dramatizing the horrors of war; a campaign which Henry Ewald has called "a bold, practical plan which dwarfs all former use of advertising." Co-operation to develop this campaign into a persistent, extensive, efficient drive for Peace is invited by World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, N.Y. City.

Chesterfield Mrs Smith?



Yes, thank you Mr Smith!

They Satisfy

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